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## AND

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#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Narrative of a Voyage round the World, during the Years 1835, 1836, and 1837; including a Narrative of an Embassy to the Sultan of Muscat and the King of Siam.* By W. S. W. Ruschenberger, M.D. Surgeon to the Expedition. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1838. Bentley.

FOLLOWING up a previous expedition, the object of which was to establish American relations and interests in the Eastern seas, we have here an account of the circumstances which attended the voyage of the Peacock with the ratified treaties between the United States and the rulers of Muscat and Siam. It is a plain, straightforward narrative, and contains information connected with commerce, statistics, and the manners of the people, given in an agreeable form. For the present, however (Good Friday having cut our week short), we refrain from analysis; and, leaving Rio Janeiro, Zanzibar, Muscat, Bombay, and Ceylon, behind us, content ourselves with offering a few extracts about Siam, as specimens of the work. At Bangkok we have a curious account of a *Child-Fish*.

"The better sort of sampan is a light canoe, moved by half a dozen or more short paddles, with a covered cabin in the centre, upon the floor of which the passenger reclines, and, by drawing the curtains, may be entirely concealed. Some are so small, that we are astonished they are capable of floating under the weight of a man, and others again are propelled like the Venetian gondola by a single oar, managed in a row-lock three feet high. The sampan of this description is usually sculled by a woman standing on the stern, without any other garment than a pair of drawers, with the occasional addition of a piece of black crape cast over the shoulders. The body is gently bent forward over the oar, and, to obtain a firm footing, one foot is placed in advance of the other, while the arms, in easy motion, impart speed to the vessel. The attitude and movement of these figures are eminently graceful, as they are seen threading their way through the mazes of junks and sampans of all sizes, which are all day gliding along from point to point, in every direction, and always occupying a very small space. The sampans are admirably adapted to the navigation of the canals and river, as we soon discovered, when one of our long-oared boats moved among them. They were often upset by us; but the Siamese always took the mishap in gentleness of spirit, and very quietly swam either to the shore, or to regain the sampan. Living so constantly on the water, they may be said to be a swimming people, though I am told they have a great dread of the sea. They are seen bathing at all times of the day, either swimming, or squatted on the veranda in front of the houses, dipping water out of the river with a basin, and pouring it over themselves. Not long ago, Bangkok presented the singular phenomenon of an amphibious infant, that forsook the mother's breast, and betook itself to the water on all occasions. Luck-loi-nam, literally, the child of the waters, swam when she was but one year old; and, in 1832, when she had attained three years of age, was frequently seen swimming in the river.

Her motions were not like those of other swimmers; she floated without any apparent exertion, turning round and round. When not in the water, she was cross and discontented, and, when taken out, cried, and strove to return; if indulged, she tumbled and rolled about, seemingly with unalloyed pleasure. Luck-loi-nam, though well-formed, could neither walk nor speak, but uttered a gurgling, choking sound in the throat. Her vision was imperfect; and, up to the time mentioned, she had never eaten any thing but her mother's milk. She usually applied to the breast, on being taken out of the river by her own consent. The mother of the child of the waters was a fine-looking woman, and had given birth to four children—two males and two females. The two brothers are dead, and the sister, eight or nine years of age, was always seen swimming in company, to protect the child of the waters against accidents, and give her direction that she might not get too near the boats, or the banks of the river. She has not been lately seen, and is supposed to be dead."

The account of the royal race furnishes some curious particulars.

"The morning after our arrival, we visited his Highness the Prince Momfanoi, literally, 'Prince of Heaven, junior.' He is also called Chawfanoi, the ultimate syllable signifying the younger. He is half brother to the king, and, in truth, rightful heir to the throne, which, on the late king's death, his present magnificent majesty usurped, and afterwards proposed to create Chawfaya, the elder brother of the prince and legitimate successor, second king. This proposal, however, was scorned by him; and declaring that he would never bend to, nor do homage to the usurper, he assumed the yellow robe of the Talapoin for life. By this means he is enabled to keep his word, because they are excused from all the slavish ceremonies of Siamese etiquette, and, in the presence of the higher grades, the king himself appears upon his elbows and knees. On the refusal of Chawfaya, an uncle of the reigning monarch was appointed second king; but since his death, which occurred about three years since, no successor has been named to this office, and it is asserted that his majesty will not make another second king, because he is entitled, according to Siamese custom, to one-third of the revenue of the empire. Chawfaya leads a very holy life, measured by the Siamese criterion of sanctity, and enjoys a rank equal to that of a bishop. His assumption of the yellow robe a second time, makes Momfanoi the legitimate heir; but his accession to the throne is not absolutely certain. The king has the power of naming his successor from among his lawful heirs. The reigning monarch, though he possesses more than three hundred wives, has no children living legitimate enough to wear the crown; and, since the death of his lawful son, Prince Momfanoi has 'crept into favour,' and rumour states that he is about being affianced to his magnificent majesty's favourite daughter, notwithstanding that he has already nine wives. If this report prove true, there is no doubt that he will succeed to the throne; *es mejor care en gracia que ser gracioso*.

Being very popular, and full of enterprise and military spirit, the prince has been regarded with a jealous eye, or, at least, has been carefully watched. This state of things makes him very cautious and fearful of thwarting any of his magnificent majesty's views. He seldom goes abroad by day, therefore, but goes about, as he says good-humouredly, 'like a thief at night.' He makes frequent visits to the palace after sunset, the time selected by the king to receive his several ministers to hear their reports, after the cares of the day are done. We found his highness on board of his barque, where he gave us a hearty welcome. The size of this vessel is about two hundred tons, and is somewhat in the European style; but, having been at first intended to be a junk, and the plan after the work was well advanced being changed, she draws more forward than aft. He is now fitting her out with the aid of three English sailors in his employment, and so far, every thing is neat and well-finished. Instead of the costume described when the prince visited the Peacock, he wore upon the present occasion nothing but a heavy silk sarong or waist-cloth. He ushered us into his cabin, where he offered tea and cigars. His numerous attendants, all apparently on the familiar footing of companions, were resting on their elbows and knees around him, chewing areca-nut, which his highness does not use. He had two beautiful parrots from Borneo, of which he seemed to be very fond. We accompanied him over the vessel, and found every thing going forward actively: the workmen were generally seated on the deck, and, therefore, were not under the necessity of desisting from their labours, as would have been the case had they been standing. The prince himself took the gouge from the hands of a mechanic, and, squatting down, began to apply it with skill, to a piece of wood which was turned by a man pulling a cord passed about it like the string of a drill-bow, the ends of the wood revolving on points like those in the frame of a turning-lathe. While observing these things, we heard a shout or huzza from a hundred voices on the river, raised in a long canoe-like boat, pulling a hundred oars. The rowers were standing behind the oars, loudly marking time with the right foot, while one stood in the bows, striking together two pieces of bamboo, as a guide to their simultaneous efforts. The boat and crew belonged to the prince, who exercises them daily in this manner, which explained the salutation we had just heard. He has several thousand men whom he thus trains, or to the use of small arms, daily. He delights in military affairs, but does not, on that account, omit any opportunity of acquiring general knowledge. On one occasion he borrowed our drummer to teach his own our rolls, calls, &c.; and, on another, was very particular in having explained to him the object of lightning-rods in ships. The day afterwards we found his armourer hard at work, making one for this vessel. He has called the barque the 'Royal Adelaide;' and, with his own hand, has painted the name in English characters, on a rack for small arms, at the after-hatch. His taste for painting is displayed in several places: a large

chest in the cabin is marked on the front with his own name—T. MOMFANOI; and he shewed us several of his drawings. The vessel was lying about ten yards from the shore, in front of his palace, which has the external appearance of a fort. The walls are snowy white, and surmounted by embrasures for guns. We accompanied the prince on shore, and, as we walked to the palace gate, every native we met fell on his face till Momfanoi had passed. Within the walls we found, every where, evidence of the master's tastes. A number of people, male and female, were at work, some twisting, or 'laying-up,' rope, and others at various other occupations. Several of both sexes had chains on the arms and legs, and their naked backs bore recent marks of bamboo. It was the first time I had seen women in chains, and I felt a sudden recoil of mind at the sight, of mingled disgust and pity, and perhaps a desire that they should be at once free; but, on reflection, I suppose it was correct, for they are not of the same comparative feebleness of body as in Christian lands. Before entering his dwelling, Momfanoi led us to see his pets; a large baboon, half a dozen beautiful deer, a pair of large black bears from Borneo, with a white stripe over the fore part of each shoulder; these were tame and playful: a large cassowary from New Holland, so tame as to eat from one's hand, was running about at liberty. He now called our attention to a variety of parrots and kerkotias, in the corridor or veranda, surrounding the house; and then led us to his stables to see his fine stud of horses, and thence, to look at several storks, jungle fowls in cages, and half a dozen asses and monkeys. He had ordered three or four alligators to be brought from beneath the stable, in the mean time, and their jaws to be secured, that we might examine them without risk. In another part of the court, or area, were field-pieces, and guns of various kinds and calibre, ships' spars, &c., neatly arranged beneath a shed. He had numerous questions to ask about every thing he exhibited, and was never satisfied till he felt sure that he clearly understood the answers which were given to him. He now led us into the house, saying, 'Gentlemen, you are welcome—I am glad to see you.' The interior is lofty, though but of one story, and is divided into three apartments by two screens, which do not reach the ceiling. The centre apartment was furnished in the Anglo-Asiatic style, and as neatly as any house I have seen in India. On a table near a sofa, at one end of this drawing-room, were violins, flutes, and a flageolet, upon which instruments his highness performs. The adjoining apartment was fitted as a study, furnished with a small collection of English books, a fine barometer, &c. A small room, communicating with it, is arranged as a private museum; in which there are many fine specimens of natural history—quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, &c., all preserved and set up by himself. Among the strange animals belonging to Siam, there is one described under the name of Khon Paa, which belongs to the known genus of natural history. This animal has been seen by the prince, and hundreds of others, yet we must confess that we are inclined to doubt the accuracy of description. The Khon Paa resembles man; it is five feet high, walks erect, has no knee-joints, and runs faster than a horse. Should he accidentally fall, he is forced to crawl to a tree, or something else, by which he again raises himself on his feet. His skin is as transparent as a China horn-lantern; his entrails are distinctly seen through it, and his abdomen

shines like a looking-glass. *Credit qui vult, non ego.* Under the superstitious notion that the presence of the animal in Bangkok was unlucky, his owners were bamboozed, and all their property confiscated by the king for bringing him there. This treatment caused so much terror, that no one has since ventured to bring a specimen of the beast from his native lurking-place. When we returned from the museum to the drawing-room, the prince ordered wine, port and madeira, which were excellent, and cigars of Siamese manufacture. So gracefully did he do the honours of his house, in spite of his being nearly naked, that no one would hesitate to pronounce that Nature had stamped him a gentleman. He gave his attentions equally to all his guests, asked questions on almost every subject, and, when the answers were not perfectly clear, always repeated his inquiries; and, on two or three disputed points, he referred to books in the library to support his opinions."

After some music, the author says—

"When we took leave, he detained some of us to dinner; and, in the mean time, entertained the company by shewing them several Siamese curiosities, and conversing on all subjects. About three o'clock P.M., the table was spread in the Anglo-Asiatic style,—a mixture of English comfort and Eastern display; the dinner was remarkable for the variety and exquisite flavour of the curries. Among them was one consisting of ants' eggs, a costly and much-esteemed luxury of Siam. They are not larger than grains of sand, and, to a palate unaccustomed to them, are not particularly savoury—they are almost tasteless. Besides being carried, they are brought to table rolled in green leaves, mingled with shreds or very fine slices of fat pork. Here was seen an ever-to-be-remembered luxury of the East. Two slaves stood waving fans behind the prince's chair, and many other attendants were crouched upon elbows and knees around the room, to whom he occasionally translated such parts of the conversation as he thought would interest them. While he thus sat conversing cheerfully, circulating his choice wines, accurately cooled, and entertaining his guests, a slave was crouched beneath the table, busily occupied in scratching his highness's naked shins."

We shall return to our American traveller again.

*Nourmahal, an Oriental Romance.* By Michael J. Quin, Author of "A Steam Voyage down the Danube." "A Visit to Spain," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1838. Colburn.

MR. QUIN, so favourably known to the reading world by the works above mentioned, has here essayed a new course, in the regions of Eastern Romance. It is a moving panorama of gorgeous palaces, sumptuous entertainments, rebellions, battles, sieges, murders, usurpations, imprisonments, escapes—and peopled by emperors, ministers, heroes, dervishes, sultanas, warriors, and all those characters which figure in oriental story. The period is that of Achar, and his successor Jehangire; and the struggles for supreme power at Agra and Lahore, with wars and adventures in Cashmere, Cabul, and all the higher land of Hindostan watered by the Indus and the Jumna, form the material incidents with which the author has connected the fate of his heroine, the lovely Nourmahal. Such interest as can be made to depend on a narrative of this kind, is lavishly infused into it by the skillful hand of the author; and he has illustrated his subject by a

continued series of sketches, accurately drawn from records which describe the history and superstitions, as well as the scenery, costume, and manners, of the Natives.

Of the various features thus presented to various tastes, we shall offer a few brief specimens, without entering upon the thread of the romance. A picture of lowly domestic happiness is sweetly painted, on the return of a youthful sportsman to the house of his some three months' bride.

"Treading gently by the path that led behind the cottage, he lingered involuntarily outside the window, as if to see how Mangeli was employed; but really hoping that he might be able to compose his thoughts, and to assume, before he entered, a calmness which he did not feel. A small bright charcoal fire was burning in the hearth, on which an earthen pan of rice was stewing. On a low table, spread with a snow-white cloth, was a jar of spring water, a loaf of bread made from the grain of purslane, a quarter of a large melon, and a basket of figs, all evidently untouched, as if Mangeli could have no enjoyment which was not shared by her husband. Her father, Gulbeg, who, although he had already counted more than seventy winters, always rose at the dawn to drive the goats to pasture, was sleeping on his dry grass bed, at some distance from the fire; behind him lay his small herd of goats, also in profound repose. Two or three kids were skipping about, in vain soliciting the notice of Mangeli, who was looking out anxiously from the door. 'No—no where can I discern the least appearance of his shadow; what can detain him? Kazim, dear, dear Kazim!' she exclaimed, as turning from the door she closed it almost in despair. 'This rice will be quite spoiled,' she said, as approaching the hearth she stirred the pottage with a wooden spoon. The falcon, awoke by that well-known voice, fluttered a moment in Kazim's bosom, where it had hitherto lain asleep. Suddenly, Mangeli stood up in the attitude of listening. A smile of joy rising from her tremulous lips, flashed rapidly over her countenance. 'It must be his step: hush!' she cried impatiently to the kids, that were jumping to touch her hand. The light of the lamp, which was suspended from the roof, fell full upon her countenance, then in the very bloom of beauty. The clear air of the mountains, if it had not wholly prevented her cheek from being tinged with the brunette, so common to the Tartar tribes, gave it a transparency, through which the blush, that now inflamed it, appeared like the lightning behind a summer cloud. The usually mild lustre of her dark eye changed into a bright living glow, that sparkled with delight. Her black glossy hair, simply braided in front, was gathered in a graceful knot on the top of her head, prepared for the usual hour of repose. A plain cotton robe, descending a little below the knee, and tightened by a girdle of the same material at her waist, revealed the graces of her delicately formed figure, which would have been deemed sylphlike, had not a slight undulation, commencing beneath her bosom, just like the wave when first rising from the surface of the tranquil deep, betrayed the approach, though yet distant, of a period that was to kindle in her breast feelings of rapture it had never known before. The hawk, which struggled incessantly for freedom, at length escaped through the window, and, lighting on the table, began to peck at the bread. 'Ah, now I know he is come, indeed!' said Mangeli, hastening to the door, where she met and folded her husband in her arms. She pressed him to her bosom, as if she would never part with him again; until

a shower of tears — tears of joy, came to her relief."

From the account of the extraordinary feats of some Bengal Bauzigurs, or conjurors, performed before the emperor, we select the following:—

"One of the seven stood up, and, setting open his mouth, the head of a snake immediately came out of it. Another of the men seized the snake by the neck, and drew it out to the length of four cubits. This being cast to the ground, another and another followed, in the same manner, to the number of ten, none of them being less than five cubits in length. These being all flung upon the ground, were immediately seen writhing in the folds of each other, and tearing one another with the greatest fury. They arranged twelve porcelain jars, which every body who looked into them pronounced to be completely empty. The jars were then covered, and the covers being removed a few minutes after, they all appeared to be full, one of wheat, parched, and fit for use; another of sugar-candy; another of citron; another of tamarind, and so on; each jar containing a different eatable, which was tasted by the eunuchs. The jars were again covered, and so remained for a few moments, when, upon the covers being once more removed, the vessels appeared as empty and as clean on the inside as if they had been washed with spring-water. One of the men displayed a ruby-ring on his little finger; he removed the ring to another finger, when the gem became emerald; then to another finger, when the emerald became a diamond; then to another, when the diamond was transformed into a turquoise. Jehangire expressed his astonishment at these various changes. At the conclusion of each feat a buzz of admiration was heard throughout the whole courtly circle; and, from behind the lattices, expressions of wonder and delight became so audible, that it became necessary to intimate in that quarter the expediency of lowering their voices a little. Curiosity, however, was raised still higher, when the Bengalese announced that they had still in reserve matters better worth his majesty's attention. They held up a book, the leaves of which they turned separately over before the whole court. Every body was convinced that the leaves, which were of the purest white paper, were perfectly blank, containing neither figures nor colours of any description. When the spectators were satisfied upon this point, one of the men took the volume in hand, and, opening the first page, shewed it a most elaborate vignette, sprinkled with gold upon a bright red ground. The second leaf appeared of a beautiful azure, sprinkled in the same manner, the margins being illuminated with numbers of men and women in various attitudes. On a third leaf were delineated herds of cattle, pursued by lions and panthers, painted with such exquisite perfection, that they seemed almost to live on the page. The fourth was of a beautiful green ground, powdered with gold, on which was represented, in glowing colours, a garden, with numerous cypresses, rose-trees, and flowering shrubs in full bloom, and in the midst of the garden a sumptuous pavilion. The next change exhibited a leaf of orange, also powdered with gold, on which was pictured a battle. Two adverse hosts were seen engaged in deadly strife, led on by two kings, who fought hand to hand against each other, with a degree of frenzy that roused the enthusiasm of the young warriors to the highest pitch. The seven Bengalese armed themselves with bows, and quivers full of steel-pointed ar-

rows. One shot an arrow into the air, where it remained, at a considerable height, as if fixed in some solid substance. A second discharged an arrow at the first, to which it became attached; and so with every one of the remaining arrows, to the last of all, which, striking the united sheaf, the whole broke asunder, and fell in a shower upon the earth. The principal Bauzigur, placing himself at the emperor's feet, asked his majesty to mention the kind of trees which he would wish to see composing a shady grove before his pavilion. The emperor named the mango, the apple, the cypress, the fig, the walnut, the mulberry, and several other trees. The seven, immediately placing themselves in different parts of the open space, set seeds in the ground, and recited over each certain prayers in language unintelligible to any of the spectators. In a few moments, plants were seen springing gradually up from each of the seeds, small and slender at first, like saplings, then rising higher, throwing out branches, the stems constantly acquiring greater thickness, the branches becoming stronger, with buds coming forth as in spring time, and then blossoms and leaves, and, finally, fruits, until a dense grove appeared, composed of all the fruit-trees which the emperor had named. Jehangire could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses. Descending from his divan, he plucked mulberries, apples, and figs, with his own hand, and, tasting each, convinced himself that he was not deceived. While the emperor and different members of the court were roving beneath the shades of the trees, and partaking of the fruits which were thus wonderfully placed within their reach, they were still more astonished to hear the notes of different birds. Looking up among the branches, they perceived them tenanted by crowds of yellow and black nightingales, thrushes, cuckoos, gold-finsches, and mocking-birds, of such beauty, shape, colour, and melody, as they had never seen before. They poured forth their different songs, hopped from spray to spray, followed each other through the branches with playful indifference, and seemed, in all respects, as if they had been familiarised to the presence of their visitors. The fruits, after a while, gradually disappeared; the leaves assumed the variegated tints of autumn; the birds took their departure; the branches became bare as in winter; the cold blasts howled through them, they were covered with snow, and beautiful filigree work of hoar frost; and then diminished rapidly in size, until they disappeared into the earth, from which they had been so miraculously made to spring. This exhibition every body pronounced most extraordinary." [And well they might; but other feats followed yet more strange and incredible.]

An account of some laughing crows is more amusing; but, we have only room to add an example of the writer's pathos. The Subah of Cashmere has been treacherously assassinated, and Kanun is his deeply loving slave.

"Search was made, as soon as lights could be obtained, for the body of the subah, who was already known to have been the first victim of this infamous scheme of indiscriminate murder. It was found in a recess of the gallery, near the spot where he first fell, but not alone. Kneeling down by his side, and bent closely over his pallid cheek, was seen the figure of a female, whose hand, filled with hair she had torn from her head, was pressed upon Afkum's bared breast, the hair being saturated with blood which had welled from the death-wound. Looking up at the group of soldiers who surrounded her, she beckoned them wildly to go away.

"Oh! foul murderers, be gone! Take my life too, if ye be not content with all the blood ye have shed. Oh, my noble master! my brave warrior! where is thy voice? speak to me but once — one little word, — 'tis Kanun that asks, — her whom you bade to love you!"

"A gush of blood from her side shewed that she, too, was soon to be numbered in the holocaust immolated on that dreadful night. Pressing her hand upon her forehead, she reeled and would have fallen, had she not been sustained by one of the soldiers. 'Ye keep me from him,' she exclaimed. 'Oh, in mercy spare me at least while he breathes! Let me be near him, — let me warm him with my life! Oh, look! his hand moves! My lord! my master! they are your friends. I see they are. Their looks, their tears tell me so. They are come to receive your orders. The enemy are out! I hear their horses tramping this way! Up, before they are at the gates! Ah, you used not to be so slow when the battle raged!' One of the soldiers fetched some water, with which he chafed her temples; while the others anxiously pressed their hands over every part of Afkum's frame, endeavouring to find there some pulse of life. But all the veins were still. That voice, by them so much beloved, was for ever silenced. That arm, once their protection, and the terror of a thousand foes, was now laid low, never again to wield the blade that had dealt destruction wherever it gleamed."

"Alas! it is all over!" exclaimed Kanun, taking up one of the subah's hands, which dropped lifeless again on the floor; 'but thy fall will not be unavenged. Blood will have blood. Ah! to think that thou shouldst have perished in this manner! He said, — there are those who heard him, and mind ye obey his words, — he said, that the same urn; — the same, remember, — should contain the ashes of us both. My moment is come, — it rankles here, whatever it was that the murderers discharged upon us all, — the pain, — oh, the agony! — but it is nothing. Joy! joy! that I remain not behind thee!'"

"None knew thy secret sorrow so well as Kanun. None lamented for thee but Kanun. The day-star of thy life was set. — Remember, the same urn. — I come; thy voice. — I hear it from some other world. — I come, beloved master! thy slave, — thy Kanun, — thy — A sob of agony told that her spirit was no more on earth. The soldiers, separating her gently from the body of the subah, upon whose knees her hands were clasped, bore her into the saloon, where they laid her upon a divan. They then conveyed the remains of the subah to his apartments in the castle, and watched by them during the remainder of the night."

*Regal Records: or, a Chronicle of the Coronations of the Queens Regnant of England.* By J. R. Planché, F.S.A., author of the "History of British Costume," &c. 12mo. pp. 170. London, 1838. Chapman and Hall, WHEN, as Shakespeare has it,

"The voice is now  
Only about her coronation."

this is an exceedingly well-timed and popular publication. Mr. Planché has gone into the subject with his usual taste and attention; giving us all that was necessary and interesting, and no more, and bestowing the care they deserve upon the points chiefly applicable to the present day. He has, thus, not only procured the information of the *Heralds' College*, but drawn from the *British Museum* a record



of the coronation of Queen Anne,\* which is extremely curious on the eve of a repetition of a similar ceremony, and brought his knowledge of antiquarian costume to illustrate various matters of dress etiquette, and royal and heraldic distinctions.

Desirous of attending to the greater novelties produced by Mr. Planché, we shall say nothing of the coronations of Mary I., Elizabeth, or Mary II., except that a face of Elizabeth in her old age, engraved, at page 48, from a mint die (supposed to be broken by her command), presents a ludicrous resemblance to some of the caricatures of the Duke of Wellington. No wonder that her majesty was not flattered by the likeness.

The coronation of Queen Anne took place on St. George's day, 23d April, 1702, when "about eleven of y<sup>e</sup> o'clock in the morning her Majesty came privately in chair from her palace at St. James's to Westminster Hall, from whence she was carried to the Court of Wards, where she reposed herself while the heralds put y<sup>e</sup> proceeding in order in y<sup>e</sup> Court of Requests, the Painted Chamber, and the House of Lords, and marshalled the several classes of the nobility as they were to proceed down into the Hall."

We proceed to notice such particulars as are likely to be imitated or avoided now, and such as are most new to us, leaving the forms common to all coronations to the readers of this little volume itself. The royal entrance into Westminster Hall is thus described:—

"Then the two provincial kings of arms before the great officers, viz. the Lord Privy Seal, the Lord President, the Lord Archbishop of York, the Lord Keeper, and Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, then his Royal Highness Prince George of Denmark, his train borne, the sergeants-at-arms going on either side of the great officers, then Garter's Deputy between the Lord Mayor and the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, then the Lord High Steward of England. Then the Queen's Majesty with a circle of gold on her head set with diamonds, her train borne by the Duchess of Somerset, assisted by four ladies of the bed-chamber, and the Lord Chamberlain, proceeded through the court, and passed directly to the throne at the upper end of the hall, where her Majesty seated herself in her chair of state under the canopy on the side of the table, where was provided a chair, cushion, and footstool, and a long table covered with a rich carpet; some of the great officers placed themselves on her Majesty's right and left hand, and the Lord Great Chamberlain, Lord High Constable, and Earl Marshal, stood on the outside of the table opposite to the Queen. The Queen being seated on her throne, and the great officers standing on each side her Majesty (except the Earl Marshal, the Lord Great Chamberlain, and the Lord High Constable, who placed themselves on the outside of the table before her Majesty to receive the regalia). The Master of the Jewel House, attending, with the other officers there, with the regalia in his custody, first presents the sword of state in a rich scabbard with girdle and hangers, to the Lord High Constable, and he to the Lord Great Chamberlain, who laid it on the table before the Queen; next the sword called curtana; then the pointed sword; and lastly, the third sword; which three last being presented in like manner as the sword of state, one after another, were drawn out of the scab-

bard by the Lord Great Chamberlain, and laid, also, on the table. In like manner, the Master of the Jewel House presented the gold spurs to the Lord High Constable, and he to the Lord Great Chamberlain, and laid, also, on the table."

In the procession were "the Dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy," or rather "Two persons, Sir Jas. Clark and Jonathan Andrews, gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, to represent them, in crimson velvet mantles, lined with miniver, powdered with ermine; each of them his cap in his hand of cloth of gold, furred and powdered with ermine."\*

From Westminster Hall "the grand proceeding" to the Abbey was "through the New Palace Yard into King Street, so along the broad sanctuary into the west door of the Abbey Church, all the way being covered from the steps of the throne into the Hall to the steps of the theatre in the church with two breadths of blue broad cloth spread upon boards railed in on both sides, and strewn with sweet herbs and flowers, and guarded by several parties of her majesty's horse and foot guards; the drums beat a march, the trumpets sounded, and the choir of Westminster sung an anthem from the Hall to the church."

The church ceremonies of reception, recognition, oblations, &c., we need not repeat: the sermon, short and fit for the occasion, was preached by the Archbishop of York, from Isaiah, c. xlix. ver. 23, "*Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens thy nursing mothers.*" Then followed the declaration and oath, in which the following is likely to attract most political attention in our day.

"*Archbishop.* Will you to the utmost of your power maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the gospel, and the Protestant reformed religion, established by law; and will you preserve unto the bishops and clergy of this realm, and to the churches committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain to them or any of them?—*Queen.* All this I promise to do."

Next the anointing, and then the presenting of various symbols, among which the spurs and the sword are the most strange for a female sovereign.

"The lord who carries the sword of state, returning the said sword to y<sup>e</sup> officers of the Jewel House, which is thereupon deposited in the traverse in King Edward's Chapel; he receiveth thence, in lieu thereof, another sword, in a scabbard of purple velvet, provided for the queen, to be girt withal."

"The queen standing up, the sword is girt about her by the Lord Great Chamberlain, or some other peer thereto by her appointed; and then the queen sitting down, the archbishop saith:—'*Remember him of whom the royal Psalmist did prophesy, saying, Gird thee with thy sword upon thy thigh, O thou most mighty! Good luck have thou with thine honour. Ride on prosperously because of truth, meekness, and righteousness. Be thou follower of him. With this sword do justice. Stop the growth of iniquity, protect the holy church of God, help and defend widows and orphans, restore the things that are gone to decay, maintain the things that are restored, punish and reform what is amiss, and confirm what is in good order, that doing these things you may be glorious in all virtue, and so represent our Lord Jesus Christ in this life, that you may reign for ever*'"

\* Those persons, who were introduced as feudatories to the English crown into our coronation processions, have been dispensed with since this country renounced its claim upon the provinces of Aquitaine (Guienne) and Normandy, in France."

with him in the life to come: Amen.' Then the queen, rising up, ungirds her sword, and going to the altar offers it there in the scabbard, and then returns and sits down in her chair; and the chief peer, or he to whom her majesty shall vouchsafe that honour, offereth the price of it (sili<sup>c</sup> 100 shillings), and, having thus redeemed it, receiveth it from the altar by the Dean of Westminster, draweth it out of the scabbard, and carrieth it naked before her majesty during the rest of the solemnity."

The spurs are not put on; but the robes, ring, and crown, &c., are, with the usual prayers and anthems. In presenting the Holy Bible, the ceremonial is quite Jewish; and, after precepts of Moses, benediction, Te Deum, inthronisation, homage, the communion and final prayers conclude the forms. In doing homage, the clergy and peers kiss the queen's left cheek or hand.

The coronation of Anne was not, like Ophe-  
lia's funeral, performed with maimed rites: there was a true old English banquet in the hall to crown the occasion with hospitable rejoicings. For this, "the queen within her traverse was disrobed by the Great Lord Chamberlain, &c., of her royal robes of state, which were forthwith delivered to the Dean of Westminster, and were laid also upon the altar, and again she was arrayed with her robes of purple velvet furred with ermine, which were worn the rest of that day, and which were before laid already in the traverse for that purpose. When the queen thus habited came forth of her traverse, she stood before the altar, the archbishop being still vested as before, did set the crown of state (provided for the queen, and laid ready upon the altar to be worn by her the rest of the solemnity) upon her head."

"Her majesty, having washed, seated herself in her chair of state at the table, and then the hot meat was brought up in this manner, two of her majesty's women sitting at her feet. The lord the sewer, with the lord his assistant, went to the dresser of the kitchen, where the master of the horse to her majesty, as sergeant of the silver scullery, called for a dish of meat, wiped the bottom of the dish, and likewise the cover within and without, took assay of that dish, and covered it, then delivered that dish and the rest of the hot meat to the gentlemen pensioners, who carried it to the queen's table."

"Then the dishes of hot meat were carryd up by the gentlemen pensioners, barheaded, and placed on the table by the lord carver, with the help of the lord the sewer and his assistant. Then the mess of dillygrout was brought up to the queen's table by Mr. Leigh, in right of his claim as lord of the manor of Addington, in Surrey, who was knighted that day. Then the two clerks of the kitchen, in black-figured satin gowns and black velvet caps."

In the hall, the ceremonies seem to be very like those at the coronation of George IV.

"Prince George of Denmark dined at her majesty's table, and sat at the end thereof on her majesty's left hand. The parliament sitting, the House of Commons were seated in the gallery on the east side of Westminster Hall and in the north cross of the Abbey, and were entertained at dinner in the Exchequer Chamber."

We will not go through the dinner, but merely, from the "London" (No. 3804), copy into our *Gazette* (No. 1108), the fact that, "being ended, and all things performed with great splendour and magnificence, about half an hour past eight in the evening, her majesty returned to St. James's: the day concluded

\* M.S. 6336, presented by Miss Banks. Mr. P. also consulted another MS. in the Harleian Collection, 6119, apparently belonging to some herald or officer concerned in the arrangements.

with bonfires, illuminations, ringing of bells, and other demonstrations of a general satisfaction and joy."

In the concluding pages of his very neat volume, which is embellished with engravings of arms, crowns, regalia, &c. &c., Mr. Planché offers some suggestions upon these subjects, which are well worthy of consideration. He says:—

"If we might be allowed a suggestion, without any offence to the learned collegians of St. Bennet's Hill, who furnished the design, the introduction of the arms of the principality of Wales, instead of the repetition of those of England, in the fourth quarter, would not only have improved the appearance of the shield, but have been a gratifying compliment to a most loyal and deserving nation."

"Another word whilst upon the subject of Wales. The Guelphic order being an Hanoverian decoration, and, consequently, no longer at the disposal of the sovereign of Great Britain, it has been rumoured that her majesty will probably institute some new order of knighthood in its place. In such a case we would most humbly recommend to her majesty's gracious consideration the claims of a British saint and champion, who has been sadly overlooked. Here have we Saint George and 'the most noble order of the Garter' for England; St. Andrew and 'the most ancient order of the Thistle' for Scotland; and St. Patrick with his 'most illustrious order' for Ireland: but Wales, the fourth gem of the British crown,—that gives a title to its heir,—that gave a title to the Black Prince,—the land of Arthur and Lewellyn, the country of the bards, the soil of the royal tree of Tudor,—has not only been excluded from representation in the arms of every British sovereign save Elizabeth, but her patron saint has been denied the honours of chivalric fellowship, which have been lavished on every other holy and renowned champion of Christendom."

Mr. Planché also alludes to the supposition that the queen may, on this occasion, create a new order, or decoration, such as the legion of honour, to be conferred on distinguished men in various professions and pursuits, the sciences, the arts, and the literature of the country, to whom knighthood would rather be a burden than a coveted compliment; and we sincerely trust that her majesty's ministers will show their love of genius and intellect, by advising their royal mistress to adopt this measure. Reasons for it are as plenty as blackberries; against it, we are not aware of one sound or sustainable argument.

*The Biographical Treasury, from the earliest Records of History to the present Time.* By Samuel Maunder, author of the "Treasury of Knowledge," &c. 12mo. pp. 846 (double columns). London, Longman and Co.

MAUNDER'S "Treasury of Knowledge" has reached a ninth edition, and no book ever deserved it better, if to convey a vast mass of useful information within a small compass, and at a small price, be just recommendations to universal popularity. The author, indeed, possesses in an eminent degree the qualifications for producing excellent works of this kind. Labour, industry, and carefulness, are their only genuine sources; and when to these are superadded an impartial mind, sound judgment, and good abilities, we find the results to be such publications as the "Treasury of Knowledge" and this *Biographical Treasury*.

Upon the latter, now fresh from the press, Mr. Maunder must have bestowed much both

of time and painstaking. The number of authorities he has consulted is prodigious; and well aware are we, that the more one does consult, the more discrepancies and contradictions will be discovered to exercise the patience and discrimination of the inquirer. Wherever we have examined—and we have looked to cases the facts of which were within our own knowledge—we have found Mr. M. really wonderfully accurate; and in all other places so judicious and temperate, that we can truly vouch for the unprejudiced tone and temper of his whole volume. It is not easy to corroborate our opinions by quotations from a work of this kind; but we cannot deny the justice which claims an attempt to do so on our part.

Mellon, Harriet, duchess of St. Albans, was born about the year 1775, and was the posthumous daughter of a Mr. Matthew Mellon, who held a commission in the East India Company's service, and whose widow married a Mr. Entwistle, a musician. Mrs. Entwistle, who was an accomplished woman, went on the stage; her husband became leader of the band in various provincial theatres; and the services of the child, who was destined at a future day to become the wealthy duchess of St. Albans, were put in requisition at a very tender age, in order to augment a scanty and precarious income. She passed her childhood in performing such characters as Prince Arthur, in *King John*, the Duke of York, in *Richard the Third*, &c.; and when advancing towards maturity, she personated the walking ladies, and, occasionally, characters of higher pretension. At length, while playing at Stafford, in Stanton's company, she was introduced to Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who had gone thither on an electioneering expedition; and, as some of her friends there had both 'votes and influence,' he thought it worth his while to be no niggard in his promises of future patronage to the lady, whom they regarded as a highly deserving candidate for histrionic fame. She, accordingly, made her *début* at Drury Lane, in January 1795, as Lydia Languish, in the *Rivals*; and, although she attracted but little notice at first, she gradually rose in public estimation, and ultimately arrived at a degree of professional celebrity, particularly in characters of a vivacious or hoydenish cast. When the Honeymoon came out, in January 1805, the part of Volante was intended for Mrs. Jordan, but that lady refused to play it; and, at Elliston's recommendation, it was assigned to Miss Mellon. Her performance of this character added much to her previous reputation; and, as her circumstances soon afterwards suddenly improved in an extraordinary degree, it was asserted that she was the fortunate holder of a 10,000*l.* prize in the lottery. There were, however, some scandal-mongers who did not hesitate to say that the blue-coat-boy who presented it to her admiring eyes was Thomas Coutts, Esq., the wealthy banker. Certain it is, that a strong degree of friendship for years existed between them; and as Mr. Coutts made her his wife almost immediately after the death of his former one, which happened at the latter end of 1814, there can be no doubt of the sincerity of his attachment. In 1822, the venerable banker died, appointing his widow universal legatee, and bequeathing to her his share in the banking-house and business in the Strand, and all benefit and interests to arise therefrom. After her marriage, she had to endure every species of abuse which slander and detraction could invent; but she wisely bore it all in silence; and now that she was regarded as a female *Croesus*, she was assailed by a host of unprincipled scribblers, who

thought that by concocting and threatening her with the publication of a mass of purulent anecdotes, &c., some of the widow's loose cash might find its way into their pockets. She was not, however, to be thus intimidated; for, though by nature benevolent in a high degree, and practising true charity without ostentation, she had firmness and spirit enough to resist the attacks of these mercenary marauders. Rumour was soon busy in naming the fortunate suitor of the banker's widow; till, at length, in June 1827, the question was put to rest by her marriage with William, duke of St. Albans, then in the twenty-seventh year of his age. This union was attended throughout with the utmost harmony and affection, and the duchess was cordially received by the most exalted of the nobility. She died, Aug. 6, 1837, leaving the duke 10,000*l.* per annum, the house in Piccadilly, formerly inhabited by Sir Francis Burdett, and the estate at Highgate. This was in addition to the sum settled on him at the time of their marriage. The bulk of her immense property, including the half profits of the banking-house, the mansion in Stratton Street, and all her movables, plate, diamonds, &c., she bequeathed to Miss Angela Burdett, youngest daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, and granddaughter of Mr. Coutts, who has in consequence taken the name of Coutts. Independently of various legacies left to other members of Mr. Coutts's family, &c., the residue of property received by Miss Angela Burdett amounted to 1,800,000*l.*"

A male *millionaire* may, after death, pair with our late duchess:

"Rothschild, Nathan Mayer, the greatest *millionaire* of the age, was one of five brothers, who, by their wealth, connexions, and financial skill, have for years exercised a great control over the monied, commercial, and political interests of Europe. Mayer Anselm, their father, and the founder of the house of Rothschild, was born at Frankfort. Though educated for the priesthood, he turned his attention to commerce; became eminent as a banker; and, being trusted with the most important affairs by the landgrave of Hesse during the dominion of Napoleon in Germany, he executed his trusts so faithfully and successfully, that his house ranked among the most celebrated on the continent. Mayer Anselm died in 1812, leaving for inheritance to his sons the example of his life and wise counsels, an immense fortune, and unbounded credit; and they, by combining their operations, and always acting in concert, formed among themselves an invincible phalanx, whose power at one time was sufficient to influence the counsels of a mighty empire, and to regulate its financial operations. Their names and residences were as follow: Anselm, at Frankfort; Solomon, at Berlin and Vienna; Nathan Mayer, at London; Charles, at Naples; and James, at Paris. N. M. Rothschild, whose life we are recording, came to England in 1800, where he acted as agent for his father in the purchase of Manchester goods for the continent. Shortly afterwards, through the agency of his father, for the elector of Hesse Cassel and other German princes, he had large sums placed at his disposal, which he employed with such extraordinary judgment, that his means went on at a rapid rate of accumulation. Besides the essential co-operation of his brothers, he had agencies in almost every city in the world, with hosts of minor dependent capitalists, who participated in his loans, who placed implicit confidence in the family, and were ready at all times to embark with them in any operation that was proposed. Nothing, therefore, was

too great or extended for him. His great success in loan operations made it a matter almost of rivalry, with all those states who wanted to borrow money, to obtain his co-operation; and yet he continued literally to steer clear of all the bad bargains which were made during the zenith of his career as a banker and financial merchant. His transactions in bullion and foreign exchanges were also on an immense scale, and not less lucrative, perhaps, than his foreign loans; in short, as they were not subject to the reverses which his loan contracts necessarily at times were, they might even be the most important branch of the whole concern. Mr. Rothschild had gone to Frankfurt, to be present at the marriage of his eldest son, Lionel, with one of his cousins, a daughter of Baron Anselm, when he was taken ill, and speedily died. His corpse was conveyed to London, and deposited in the burial-ground belonging to the German synagogue in Duke's Place, on the 8th of August, 1836; the funeral procession, consisting of thirty-six mourning, and forty private carriages, containing, besides the family and the most intimate friends of the deceased, many of the foreign ambassadors and English nobility, with the lord-mayor, aldermen, &c. of London. As Mr. Rothschild's will furnished no statement of the amount of his property, upon that point public curiosity must remain ungratified; but there was an annuity of 20,000*l.*, clear of all encumbrance, secured to his widow, a lady whose talents in calculations and accounts had long been notorious, and who, as a true helpmate to her husband, in every sense, can scarcely be equalled. The sum of 100,000*l.* to each of his sons and daughters, is also specified, besides sundry legacies. He bequeathed nothing to public charities, servants, or dependants; entrusting the whole of this arrangement to the discretion of Mrs. Rothschild, in whom he placed the most unbounded confidence, and described as having been, in the strictest sense, a participator in all his joys and sorrows, from the first hour of their union."

With these brief examples, we must be content to leave the *Biographical Treasury* to the public, as fully meriting its name. The lives of monarchs are so written as to unfold much of general history; and the leading *gironettes* of the French Revolution are well and distinctly characterised. As in his preceding volume, Mr. Maunders has surrounded his margins with some 3500 maxims and precepts, one-third of them his own, and the rest wise saws of antiquity and learning. They do him infinite credit, and are very instructive. In conclusion, we repeat that the performance altogether is a valuable repository for biographical reference; and has evidently had bestowed upon it that conscientious toil which alone can render such a work worthy of great and lasting favour.

#### *Memoirs of Sir W. Knighton.*

[Second Notice: Conclusion.]

EVEN the basest notice of this work which we gave in our last *Gazette* was sufficient to shew that it possessed many features of great public interest. The editor, with very natural feelings, has attached a considerable share of importance to the subject of her life's affections; whilst the general reader will, probably, agree with us in considering the chief merits of the book to consist in exhibiting collateral circumstances and persons with whom Sir William's high and confidential appointments brought him into close connexion. But, even the former is a striking biographical picture. The rise of a man from humble life to wealth and

eminence—from the country apothecary's shop to be the trusted companion of kings and princes—is a biography not to be told without furnishing lessons of the most useful kind. Sir W. Knighton appears to have been a person of powerful energy and unwearied application. His early difficulties were surmounted by sheer determination, and his accumulating fortunes achieved by perseverance, fidelity, and prudence. Withal, he possessed a very sensitive temperament, a friendly disposition, and strong religious sentiments. Towards the close of his days, when he had witnessed such humiliating proofs of the vanity of all human ambition and grandeur, his piety became still warmer; and, his preparations for the "last sad scene of all" are of the most edifying description.

How much more might have been told in a memoir of this remarkable individual, it is not for us here to inquire. That the roses were without thorns, or the lights without shadows, we know too much to believe; but particular disclosures were not to be expected from the quarter whence these pages came, and the scandals, and secrets, and intrigues of the court, must be looked for from other and less pure sources.\* As it is, these memoirs belong, as we said, to the national annals of our time; and they must ever be a desideratum in the historical library.

We now resume our extracts to elucidate the points upon which we have so briefly touched. The first relates to the death of an infant who, if she had lived, would at this hour have been enjoying the homage paid to England's Queen. On how minute a point hinges the destinies of individuals, of parties, and of nations!

"It was generally known that, from various causes, the pecuniary affairs of George the Fourth were, previously to his accession, in an embarrassed state, and, of course, continual circumstances occurred in which such a mind as Sir William's (which was always remarkable for firmness and judgment) could not fail to be acceptable, and, as it appeared, necessary to his royal master. Any unusual absence, in consequence of illness or other accidental causes, seldom failed to bring a command for his presence, such as is anxiously expressed in the subjoined letter. It respects the death of the infant Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the

\* A glimpse of this sort of matter may be surmised by an account of Sir William's visit to the deathbed of Mr. Dickie, a confidential clerk, and ultimately a partner in Coutts's, whose knowledge of the privy purse disbursements was peculiarly intimate. Sir W.'s memorandum states—

"In a few minutes I was desired to walk up into Mr. Dickie's bedroom. He seemed exceedingly pleased to see me, and was evidently much affected. He looked very pale, his countenance considerably pinched, but his expressive eye still possessing its usual force, his mind clear and comprehensive as in the days of his best health. He took my hand, and held it the whole time that I remained with him. He then said, 'I have seen Sir \* \* \* here two or three times, full of civility from the present king, in the form of inquiry, and so on,' &c. Mr. Dickie then continued, 'It is useful, sometimes, for a man on his deathbed to speak out. I thought it right to say to Sir \* \* \*, that no monarch, nor any man, had ever such a friend as Sir William Knighton was to George the Fourth. He managed and guarded his pecuniary concerns with an indefatigable care, and such a peculiar understanding, that, had I not myself been a witness, I could scarcely have credited it.' There were times when Sir William thought that he was getting over difficulties, when large accounts came in of which he was not aware, like thunder-claps. He has more than once on such occasions, in my presence, most respectfully, but firmly, remonstrated with his majesty upon the impossibility of managing his affairs with any satisfaction, or, indeed, propriety of conduct, if such unforeseen expenditure occurred. Sir William's words, tone, and manner, acted like magic upon the king. His majesty, like a sensible man, seemed obliged from his heart; his whole demeanour shewed it; and I myself at such a novel scene was struck with astonishment. From such circumstances, therefore, Sir \* \* \*, the name of Knighton is very dear to me. I think it right to inform you of all this; and I say it on my deathbed, and will repeat, that no monarch had ever such a friend as George the Fourth had in your person."

late King William the Fourth and Queen Adelaide.

"My dear friend,—'For God's sake come down to me to-morrow morning. The melancholy tidings of the almost sudden death of my poor little niece have just reached me, and have overset me beyond all I can express to you. Poor William's letter, which is all affection, and especially towards you, refers me to you for all the particulars; therefore, pray come to me with as little delay as possible. I have not time to add a word more about myself. You will be a great consolation to me. Ever your most affectionate friend, G. R.'"

The following relates to a momentous crisis; and, if the foregoing displays a good heart, this is a proof of right feeling and public consideration. It seems the answer to such a letter as a real and open friend might write to his sovereign. Queen Caroline's last illness had begun.

"Off Holyhead, August 10th, 1821.

"Dearest friend,—As I know you like brevity in writing, I shall endeavour to be as concise as possible, and shall try to convey to you all the matter possible in the smallest compass. I must first thank you for your kind letters, the last of which I have now just received. You need not be under any apprehension that every regard to decorum and decency will not be strictly observed. I have now been at anchor in this harbour ever since Monday night, at half-past eleven, when we received the first intimation of the queen's indisposition. On Tuesday, at noon, as I had heard nothing from my friend, Lord Sidmouth, who had passed over to the other coast some hours before, we took up our anchorage here. We had reason to know he had heard the report before he left Holyhead; and it was determined, as the best medium line that could be adopted until I could hear from him, that I should proceed for twelve hours to Lord Anglesea's. Accordingly, I wrote to Lord Sidmouth and Bloomfield, to acquaint them with the communication I had received respecting the queen, to account for the delay in my not proceeding to Ireland, and desiring Lord Sidmouth's advice as to what I had best do, and that he would make all the arrangements which might be necessary under existing circumstances. I returned from Plasnewydd to my yacht here about four o'clock on the next day (Wednesday), and found Lord Sidmouth just disembarked and ready to receive me. He stayed about two hours with me on board, and then again took his passage in the steam-boat, having arranged with me, that if the accounts from London of the queen the next day should represent her to be in an improved state, that then we should set sail as quickly as possible, and land at Dunlurry, and make my public *entrée* at Dublin on that day (Friday); although he had already taken measures for a private entry if matters should be worse, as it was utterly impossible for me, under any circumstances, not to proceed now to Ireland, where public notice would be given that I should observe the strictest privacy for some days, until we were acquainted either with the queen's recovery or her demise, and till after the body should be interred. Lord Londonderry fortunately arrived the next morning after Lord Sidmouth left me,—that is to say, yesterday, Thursday, before seven o'clock in the morning—and has remained with me, and will continue to do so till I have set my foot on the Irish shore. He approved of all the arrangements I had made with Lord Sidmouth as the best possible, and with every view I had



taken of the whole circumstance; and it is now determined, that either in the course of the day, or as soon as possible as the wind and weather will permit (but which at present does not appear very encouraging), we are to set sail, either in the yacht alone, or by steam, to Ireland; to make Howth (about five miles from Dublin), and to proceed, without any sort of show or display, to the Phoenix Park, without entering or passing through Dublin at all. My arrival there will then be publicly announced, and that the strictest privacy for a few days will be observed, as far as proper decency and decorum may require; and that after that, the day will be announced when I shall make my public *entrée*, and when all public ceremonies and rejoicings will commence."

A letter relating to his majesty's tempestuous return from Ireland is also very characteristic of the royal hand.

"Royal George Yacht,  
"Milford Haven, September 10, 1821.

"My dear friend,—So many unexpected circumstances have taken place since I wrote to you, that I scarce know where I am to take up matters to put you *au fait* of every thing in all quarters. It is rather a difficult task to undertake, particularly as I know you are not partial to long letters. I will, however, endeavour to do my best, and be as concise as possible. My last letter told you I was to embark (as I did) that day at Dunleary. We made since that two efforts to stand out on our homeward voyage, but were driven back by change of wind. However, on Friday last, we stood out suddenly upon a change of wind in our favour, and persevered; but we encountered a most formidable tempest for nearly forty-eight hours, such as has been hardly known by the most veteran sailor, and, with the blessing of God, arrived safe in this port about eleven o'clock in the forenoon of yesterday. Not to be prolix, but in order to give you some little idea of our state, most of our fleet were separated, except the Royal Sovereign yacht, the *Liffey* frigate, and ourselves. The Grecian sloop-of-war, reckoned one of the best schooners in the service, sprung her mast, and was obliged entirely to part company from us in distress, and to make for the very first anchorage she could, where it is hoped she is long before this in safety, though as yet no intelligence of her has been received. Most even of our crew and company were dently sick, but the very worst of all was my poor self; and I am now, for the first time, since we are again at anchor in smooth water, risen from my bed, and not without considerable exertion and inconvenience to myself. I have suffered so much solely for the purpose of writing to you; for I too gratefully feel the warmth of your affectionate heart towards me at all times, not only not to neglect you, but to prove to you that you are always present to my mind; and I feel quite sure, that if any part of our history of the last week should reach you, that the short note which F— wrote you yesterday would not in the least answer the purpose of quieting your affectionate anxieties and cares about me. When F— wrote, it was in the utmost haste, to save the post, which leaves here before three in the afternoon, that you might know something decidedly of us, and we had then thoughts of pursuing our return over land, as he acquainted you; but, upon thorough consideration, we found this scheme next to impracticable, what from the very mountainous and bad state of the roads through this part of South Wales, the scarcity of horses, the dreadful length of the stages, and, after all,

the formidable length of the journey itself to London, being above two hundred and seventy-two miles, and this, too, unattended with any sort of comfort or accommodation on the road, at any rate until we reached Gloucester. Upon the best calculation, therefore, we could not have reached our destination, at earliest, till Thursday night. We have, therefore, determined, all matters considered, to summon up resignation and patience to our aid, and wait the first steady and favourable wind, and which is now very promising, that will carry us round the Land's End in about eight hours; after which, we shall make for Portsmouth, at the very latest, twelve hours afterwards, let the wind be then almost whatever it may. In addition to this, I must also say, that it was quite out of the question my being able, for two or three days at least, to encounter so tedious a journey by land; I am so completely shattered and torn to pieces by the effects and sickness of an eight-and-forty hours' tempest. Up to this moment, then, you are acquainted with every thing upon which it is in my power to give you any information by letter. The veriest minutiae of the details of what has passed since we met, you shall have from me when we meet. Now, then, God bless you!—Ever yours, &c.

The following will illustrate our opinion that Sir W. K. had the courage and attachment to approach his master with truth and boldness when he deemed it expedient for his service.

"In 1822, Sir William was appointed the keeper of the king's privy purse. It may not be an inappropriate observation to make at this period, that the position and independence from which he was called tended essentially to enable Sir William to perform the arduous duties of the situation with the unshrinking firmness which its embarrassments required; and, amongst the copies of his letters to the king, the following is a specimen of this respectful determination:—

"Sir,—I yesterday received from Lord F. C. a message that it was your majesty's desire to see me at the Lodge this morning. My first duty and impression was, of course, to obey your majesty's most gracious commands; but circumstances have arisen, connected with your majesty's interests, which oblige me to remain in town, and to forego that pleasure which is always so acceptable to my feelings, namely, that of throwing myself at your majesty's feet. I am so surrounded with cares on your majesty's account, so separated from every kind of support but what I derive from my own intellectual efforts, that, when I say happiness and myself are strangers, I do not mention it in the language of complaint, but only to hope that when I venture to oppose any of your majesty's commands, your majesty will believe it always arises from those feelings of devotion and honesty which are the true characteristics of my nature towards your majesty. I am aware it often happens, humble as I am, that it alone falls on me to raise the voice of opposition towards some of your majesty's schemes. This, I fear, must gradually tend to separate your majesty's mind, as far as agreeableness of feeling is concerned, from me: nevertheless, I do hope that your majesty will believe I am on every occasion influenced with the purest affection and most unswerving attachment towards your majesty's person.—I have the honour to be, sir, your majesty's most dutiful subject and attached servant.

"W. K.

"10th June, 1822."

"It is probable that his majesty might oc-

asionally feel a temporary displeasure at the necessary firmness which Sir William Knigh-ton's object of putting the king's affairs into a satisfactory state obliged him to adopt; but his majesty's good sense was sure, on reflection, to approve Sir William's plans, and produce that expression of feeling, so truly honourable and noble in so high and exalted a character. Of this, the subjoined letter is an instance; it was the result of an interview in which the servant had humbly presumed to start some objections to the will of his royal master.

"From the King.

"You may easily imagine, warm and sincere as my affections are towards you, I have had but little rest since we separated last night. The feeling that I may possibly and unfortunately, in a hurried moment, when my mind and my heart were torn in fifty different ways from fifty different causes, have let an unjust or a hasty expression escape me to any one, but most especially to you, whom I so truly love, and who are so invaluable to me as my friend, is to me a sensation much too painful to be endured: therefore let me implore you to come to me, be it but for a moment, the very first thing you do this morning; for I shall hate myself until I have the opportunity of expressing personally to you those pure and genuine feelings of affection which will never cease to live in my heart so long as that heart itself continues to beat. I am much too unhappy to say more, but that I am ever your affectionate friend,  
G. R."

On the visit to Scotland, Sir William's letters give some pleasing information. For example:—

"Dalkeith Palace, August 16, 1822.

"Here I am in Dalkeith Palace, a place most beautifully and romantically situated, well wooded, and quite delightful. Tell dearest D. that I am again in a haunted room, for I heard strange sounds all the night through. Yesterday was the day of our arrival. The weather continued wet, stormy, and uncomfortable during the whole night at Leith Roads: the yacht at anchor had an uncomfortable motion. I saw, for the first time, Walter Scott, who came on board immediately on our coming to anchor. He has no trace in his countenance of such superior genius and softness [loftiness?] of mind as the beauty of his writings displays; but the moment he speaks, you discover a correctness of understanding and a display of intellect, marked by the utmost accuracy of thought. Speaking of the incessant rain, he said, in his Scotch phraseology, 'All I can say is, I am perfectly ashamed of it.' The king then desired him to take a glass of cherry brandy, which he graciously handed to him himself. Walter Scott, when he had drunk it, craved a great favour from his majesty, that he might be permitted to put the glass in his pocket to keep it as a relic, to his feelings above all value.'"

\* Scott's flattery was extremely well applied. When his majesty left Edinburgh, he writes:—"This is a vile day; but it is right Scotland should weep when parting with her good king." When he was in town, previous to going to Italy, Sir W. K. called on him; and we have the following amusing paragraph:—"Sir Walter said that a good account of George the Fourth's political reign would be very useful and amusing; but it must be engraved on some previous account of what happened in the reign of George the Third. He then said, in a sort of ejaculation, 'The world is a sad wilderness.' He told me that he expected much amusement from Malta, and seemed to enjoy the thoughts of some chivalrous tales relating to the ancient order of the Knights of Malta. He said, moreover, he should meet Lady Northampton at Naples, who was originally a ward of his. He mentioned with delight the following anecdote, as an instance of her playful cleverness. 'When she was about to be married,' said he, 'I thought it necessary to write to her on the subject of pecuniary matters, and as to what

We shall finish our selections from the first volume with a curious letter from G. Colman, on the subject of Sir Martin Shee's tragedy of "Alasco."

"29th February, 1834,

"5 Melina Place, Westminster Road.

"Mr. Colman presents his compliments to Sir William Knighton, and is much gratified by Sir William having expressed a wish to see his short remarks on 'Alasco,' a copy of which he has now the pleasure to enclose. Although the ferment of the times has greatly subsided, still plays which are built upon conspiracies, and attempts to revolutionise a state, stand upon ticklish ground; and the proposed performance of such plays is to be contemplated with more jealousy, when they portray the disaffected as gallant heroes and hapless lovers. Thus drawn, *ad captandum vulgus*, their showy qualities and tender distresses of the heart throw a dazzle and an interest round their sedition,—while they preach up the doctrine that government is tyranny, that revolt is virtue, and that rebels are the righteous. Alasco, in the tragedy of the same name, is a character of the above description, and Walsingham is set up against him as a contrast. Whenever these two gentlemen meet, there is an effusion of clapping sentiments between them, in the alternate support of loyalty and radicalism; and they *prône* in a *pro* and *con* dialogue, vying with each other, speech for speech, by turns, like a couple of contending swains in an eclogue. In respect to their good and evil influence over an audience, they are the Messieurs Bane and Antidote of the tragedy: and from a tragedy that needs so much counter-poison, for the chance only of neutralising its arsenic, the deducement to be made as to its dangerous tendency is very obvious. It is my opinion that the objections against acting this play may be removed by the erasures which I have made,—in which, should the managers think proper to acquiesce, I will (on their altering the MS. and again placing it in my hands) submit the play to the lord chamberlain for his licence.

"GEORGE COLMAN."

We now copy a letter or two for the sake of shewing something of the character of Sir W. Knighton himself:—

"I shall begin (he writes to his daughter) to wean my thoughts from life, and to prepare myself for that final resting-place that must soon come! Dearest William will be nineteen on the twentieth: I shall be glad if I can see him twenty-one, as then I can turn much over to him, and he may begin where I leave off. Mine has been a life of great anxiety. Many there are that have had as many, or perhaps more, difficulties: but few have felt those difficulties so keenly as I have done. However, as the author of the tragedy of 'Douglas' somewhere says,

'Things past belong to Memory alone;  
Things future are the property of Hope.'

Those who pass into the world without money or friends can never, of course, calculate on consequences. This was my case; and hence

settlement was to be made for the benefit of the younger children, &c.; upon which she answered me by reminding me of a story that I had told her many years before:—A poor man in Scotland was about to be executed, and when the procession reached the gallows, those about him said, 'Now we will sing any hymn or psalm that you may have a fancy to.' Upon which he replied, 'Sing what you please; I shall not meddle in those matters.' Sir Walter laughed heartily at the conclusion of his story. He related, also, that Lord Melville told him, in allusion to Sir William Grant's taciturnity, that Mr. Pitt and himself once decided, in order to make Grant talk, to remain quite silent, and only to pass the bottle quickly. This had the effect; their silence, with the assistance of the bottle, made him talk freely. Sir Walter is fond of a few glasses of wine: his favourite wine is champagne."

have I been in a state of feverish anxiety from morning to night.—Ever, my dearest, &c.  
"W. K."

To his Lady:—

"I thank you for your affectionate letter. I hope I am better: my friend, Mr. Tupper, says I am. Sir Henry Halford called also. They both say there is no inflammatory action. My cough has been less to-day; but I have been ill above a fortnight; however, a day or two, I suppose, will put me to rights again. I shall not go to Windsor until I am well. I cannot stir till the weather breaks; there would be no travelling abroad but on the sledge, and that I am quite unequal to in my present state of crazy health. I trust God will spare my life until dear William gets to twenty-one, and then I shall feel quite resigned to meet the Almighty will. I am delighted at what you say respecting darling Mary. I only exist in the contemplation of my dear children. Tell my beloved D. that I hope to write to her to-morrow. I do not know what to make of —'s match, nor can I make out whether it was proceeding with the approbation of her parents. It does not follow that riches produce happiness; but it follows that poverty produces most painful embarrassments. However, riches and poverty are relative terms. I do not consider three men-servants in livery as denoting happiness or wealth; nor do I consider two maid-servants, and a fresh joint of meat twice a week, as defining poverty. We have played the fiddle to both tunes. Byron says truly, that it is astonishing how little of life there is when you come to subtract. Infancy, or childhood, can only be called vegetation; when you add to this, sleep, buttoning and unbuttoning, to how little is it reduced! How important, then, to use that little well! My best wishes attend you all."

When the king was confined by his last illness, Sir William (April 26th, 1830) writes to Lady K. :—

"I am now writing in the room adjoining his Majesty's bedchamber, for he does not like my being distant from him. We are not going on well: depend on it, this will not do; if this illness should be protracted, I see much suffering and embarrassment before us. I care very little what is said or thought of me; my duty is to promote the king's comfort and peace of mind: I will never consent that he shall have a moment's pain, to gratify the idle curiosity of a set of persons whose only objects are, to deal in cabal, find fault with every thing, and to pull down, if they could, the character of all the individuals who are endeavouring to serve their sovereign by every means in their power."

The same period is interestingly illustrated by the following letters from his Majesty's royal successor at Bushy Park, and from the present king of Hanover:—

"Bushy House, April 21st, 1830, 3 P.M.

"Dear Sir,—I have just received yours 'most secret and confidential' of this day, which I properly value. On the whole, the account, thank God, is favourable; and God grant it may continue so; and that on Friday I may have the happiness and satisfaction of finding our beloved sovereign in a progressive state of improvement. I shall be at the Castle a few minutes before one: and I value most highly and gratefully the kind expressions of the king, and I also thank you gratefully for the expressions that accompany from yourself his majesty's gracious message to me. I cannot forget the uninterrupted friendship that has subsisted between the king and me for nine-and-fifty years; and I trust, from the

bottom of my heart, I shall really find, next Friday, the best of brothers, masters, and men, advancing in a favourable way, and your comprehensive and affectionate mind far more easy upon the 'single symptom' which produces with you so much painful anxiety. You may rely on my perfect and complete silence.—And I now remain, dear Sir, yours truly,  
"WILLIAM."

"Kew, May 1.

"Dear Knighton,—Many thanks for yours, which I received last evening. I saw my sister on her return, and I own to you her description of the state in which she found my poor brother went to my very soul, loving him as faithful as ever one brother did another: for this I can say, I loved him for himself, and never have I had any sordid or interested view in my affection for him, but that of the purest love and attachment. I own the accounts of that last severe spasm of Wednesday evening has shaken my hopes much; and I cannot describe to you the anxiety of my mind. God preserve him for us all! I shall not come to-day, as I think, after the exertion of yesterday, rest is necessary.—Yours very sincerely,  
"ERNEST."

Sir William's account of his introduction to the king is also interesting.

"My acquaintance with his late Majesty George the Fourth began thus:—'The first interview I had with his majesty was when he was Prince of Wales, on my return from Spain with Lord Wellesley. This must have been in the year 1811. The prince had a lameness in his hand, arising from an accident in going to Ostlands, then the Duke of York's. Lord Wellesley recommended the prince to see me. I saw his royal highness once; but as he was under the care of Home, Cline, and Sir Walter Farquhar, I had of course no opportunity of recommending any thing: and, indeed, if I had, I should have found myself without a remedy for his complaint. When I entered the room, I knelt down and kissed his hand. Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt was in the room, but did not remain a minute. It struck me then that the prince was very intelligent, with a mind easily roused to suspicion, but with a most fascinating complacency of manner. He inquired if I had been in India with Lord Wellesley; to which I replied, no. I understood the praise bestowed on me on this occasion by his royal highness was, that I was the best-mannered medical man he had ever seen. This was told me by Sir Walter: and, being made known, did me no good, as it excited the jealousy of my medical brethren, who already supposed that my practice was beyond my deserts, and that, at any rate, it came too rapidly. I saw no more of the prince till I was made his physician in ordinary, in the year 1818, when I was presented. The prince was then civil, spoke to me, and inquired for Lord Wellesley. The second time I went, he said nothing, and his countenance betrayed displeasure. This, I afterwards found, arose from his having been informed that I had spoken offensively of him in regard to his conduct respecting the Princess of Wales. This was a falsehood, and, of course, carried to him to stop my progress at court."

Let us contrast this with part of a beautiful account of a revisit to the scenes of his infancy, after an absence of many years.

"I slept well, and proceeded on Wednesday, the 17th, in a post-chaise for Newton Bushell. In this melancholy town I spent upwards of four years at a school.—I am sorry to say, without much benefit. It gave me pleasure,



however, to walk over the ground that I so well remembered as a boy. Every tree seemed familiar to me; even the lanes and hedge-rows had, to my mind, undergone no change. Not so with the town itself: there all was changed; old houses pulled down, new ones built up. There was a striking alteration also in the impression produced on my mind by this place, compared with that existing in early memory; every thing now seemed so small and meagre. It was market-day; I remembered many faces that I saw, though now under the countenance of age. One man I quite recognised. I had left him in the beauty of manhood: he now wore a little old curled wig, and his aged face for a moment made me stare with wonder, until I recollected the change that had taken place in myself. In making a visit to the churchyard of Highwick, I wandered among the grave-stones, and read the sad details of many whose names I remembered in my boyish days. I had been looking down into the valley upon the house where I recollected a boy of the name of Segur lived: he was, if not my bedfellow, one of the same bedroom. In a few minutes my eyes rested on an iron railing, within which was his tomb, and that of his wife. He seemed to have lost his wife first; but it did not say in what year he died. Can any thing bring more forcibly before one the truly wretched and vain pursuits of this life, and insignificant avocations in which we are engaged? It made me melancholy. There are moments when eternity, and its consequences, press upon the mind with a prophetic force, and give rise to reflections that make the heart ill at ease. I wandered every where: I had a full dose of melancholy musing, and I cannot say that it was gladdened with one satisfactory impulse of feeling. I had, it is true, a particular thankfulness to God for all his mercies; but no settled conviction that I deserved the most trifling blessing I now enjoy. \* \* \* Twenty-nine years had elapsed since I last visited Devonport. There appeared to me but little change in its appearance—that is, in the principal streets. I went up in the dusk, for the purpose of having a glance at the house I once occupied, and was naturally carried back to the various and early anxieties I had suffered in the beginning of my life at this place. I contemplated with wonder all I had gone through since I left it. The mixture of pleasure and pain that this called forth cannot be easily described; nor was there the enjoyment of any real satisfaction at the change produced in my relative situation now and then: but yet, strange as it seems, notwithstanding, after having stated what I have, I felt a horror at the thoughts of what I then was. Alas! alas! it is impossible to explain this strange contrariety of feeling."

With this we conclude; only mentioning that Sir W. Knighton was very intimate with Northcote, the painter, and edited his "Autobiographical Memoirs," which are now in the press. Sir W. and his family were deeply devoted to the fine arts.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*The King's Own.* By Captain Marryat. London, 1836. Bentley.

THE sixty-fifth volume of the Standard novels, illustrated like the former, and worthy of its station in this popular series.

*A Practical Treatise on the Cultivation of the Dahlia*, by Joseph Paxton. Pp. 109. (London, Orr and Co.; and Edinburgh, Chambers.)—A nice work for the cultivator of this gay flower, now so showy an ornament to our gardens. The name of the gentleman who brought it to Lady

Holland in 1804, whence its cultivation was extended throughout the country, was Buonotti (not Buonarroti, p. 6); he was librarian to Lord Holland, and an accomplished Italian scholar. If we remember rightly the plants were from Lisbon, not Madrid.

*The Parent's Guide*, &c., by R. Simpson. Pp. circ. 200. (London, Duncan).—A useful book by the Master of Colebrook House Academy, and well devised for youthful instruction.

*The Philosophy of Language*, &c., by W. Cramp, author of "Junius Discovered." 8vo. pp. 241. (London, Relfe and Fletcher).—A production of considerable merit, and throwing light on the principles of English grammar, syntax, and composition.

*Live and Let Live*, by Miss Sedgwick. Pp. 212. (London, Green).—Rich Enough. Pp. 60. (Id.)—Rebecca Wilson, a Tale. Pp. 67. (Id.)—Slight works, conveying good advice in a familiar way.

*The Hunterian Oration*, 1836. Delivered by Benjamin Travers, F.R.S., Surgeon Extraordinary to the Queen. (London, Longman and Co.)—Much of the history of medical improvements is clearly stated in this simple, but instructive, discourse, which we have perused with much gratification.

*An Essay on the Rationale of Circumstantial Evidence*, by William Wills, Attorney-at-Law. 8vo. pp. 315. (London, Longman and Co.)—A law book, displaying much sound sense and acuteness upon a subject of the deepest interest to the profession and the country.

*Strange's Plots in English of the Italian Operas*. No. I. *La Sonnambula*. Pp. 16. (London, Strange).—A useful vade-mecum for an opera goer. Whoever wishes to understand the play at Her Majesty's Theatre, without the Italian "libretto," should acquire a number of this little work. If all the plots be as clearly told as this of "La Sonnambula," the publication will rank above mediocrity.

*Outlines of Criminal Law*, &c., by Robert Maughan. Pp. 357. (London, Richardson and Co.)—This volume comprises a very clear analysis and description of that branch of criminal law which is denominated Public Wrongs; and a good index makes it particularly easy for reference and useful.

*Lives of Distinguished Men of Modern Times*, Vol. II. (London, Knight).—This volume (whose predecessor led to some correspondence in previous *Gazettes*) contains biographies from Lord Bacon to Leibnitz, such as Kepler, Gustavus Adolphus, Ben Jonson, Rubens, Selden, Blake, Cromwell, Pascal, Turrene, Boyle, William III. Fenelon, &c. &c. There are many neat and fanciful cuts.

*Guide to Switzerland*, &c., &c., by Francis Coghlan, author of *Guides to Paris*, &c. St. Petersburg, the Rhine, &c. Pp. 360. (London, Baily and Co.)—A very compact and useful companion to the tourist who is about to visit the romantic scenery of Switzerland, at this migratory season. It is accompanied by the usual plans, maps, descriptions, tables, &c. &c.

*P. S. Templeton's Short Introduction to Geography*. Pp. 92. (London, Whittaker and Co.)—Is a second edition. The arrangements on good principles. Some typographical errors need correction.

*Dr. Jark's Secret German Dictionary*. Pp. 64. (London, Black and Armstrong).—A selection of German hymns of a highly spiritual cast, and well calculated to make the English reader of German better acquainted with this class of literature.

*Liber Mercatoris; or, the Merchant's Manual*, &c., by F. Hobley Jun., &c. Pp. 127. (London, Longman and Co.)—An exceedingly useful digest touching bills of exchange, both in this and other countries, and containing a variety of information of much value to the mercantile world.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY, March 30.—Dr. Grant, 'On the Metamorphoses of Amphibia.' So remarkable are the changes in external form animals undergo, that the same, in their different developments, have been considered distinct species. This extraordinary metamorphosis is not confined to frogs, salamanders, &c., but insects, caterpillars, and others, exhibit curious transformations. Dr. Grant briefly remarked upon animalcules, the twelve known species, and their numerous genera, as aggregated beings, the spongy bodies covering the surface of rocks, the corallines, barnacles, &c. If we consider internal structure, all animals undergo changes, but none more so than toads, frogs, salamanders, tritons; these were strictly amphibia; not the seal, walrus, and others of the class mammalia. Dr. Grant proceeded to determine what should be embraced under metamorphosis and development, and did not confine his remarks to external form, but minutely described gestation, the alteration of the ova of frogs in the ovary, tracing their progress through the oviducts; illustrating each stage

with curiously accurate drawings. We have often listened to the learned professor with exceeding interest, and much gratification, when, at University College, he has expatiated upon the mysteries of the vascular system, the economy of animals, the wonderful changes effected in nature by processes the most simple, the phenomena of organised beings: but we have heard lectures at the Royal Institution more suited to the Friday evening meetings than that delivered by Dr. Grant. No one would deny the wonders of creation, the beauties of arrangement, the adaptation of means to the end, or be disinclined to contemplate and investigate animal structure and functions, time and place fitting; but this is not the case in a mixed assembly of females and youth. Dr. Grant, however, is an enthusiastic devoted lover of his profession, and,

"When love's delirium haunts the glowing mind,  
Limping decorum lingers far behind."

April 6th.—Mr. Faraday, 'On Mr. Ward's Method of preserving Plants in limited Atmospheres.' This interesting subject was fully discussed at the meeting of the British Association of last year, at Liverpool. Plants of every climate, enclosed in glazed cases, freely exposed to the light, may be safely transported to other regions. It is not necessary that the cases should be air-tight; vegetation could not go on in a perfectly close vessel; besides, there should be a hole for the egress of the excess of moisture. The general principle is the imitation and the maintenance of the natural condition of the plants, free from disturbing causes. The point is, or, rather, points are, a certain proportion of moisture, a certain condition of atmosphere, and a certain temperature. The arrangement is, take a vessel, or bottle, or house of glass, place earth therein, most favourable for the growth of the plant, holding water suited to it: for instance, moist soil for ferns, dry for cactus, &c.; expose it freely to the influence of solar light, and do not disturb it. The beautiful fact is, the plants exist by their own action, imbibing from the soil the moisture which circulates through them, and which affords the nourishment necessary for their growth and perfection, returning to the soil, by expiration or evaporation, the moisture which, restrained in the cases, becomes condensed, and again and again reimbuing, thus they live for months or years without more water or culture. The principle has been put into practice extensively by the Messrs. Loddige, of Hackney, Mr. Smith, of Kew Gardens, and others, with uniform success. Mr. Faraday was surrounded with growing and flourishing plants in glass cases, jars, and bottles; many had been encased for years; one had been exposed for nine months through the rigour of last winter, in the midst of an atmosphere loaded with the impurities of artificial processes, on a house-top, in the Minorities. The applications of this discovery, as we have already impressed upon our readers, are numerous and important.

## BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

FRIDAY 6th. J. E. Gray, president, in the chair.—Read 'A Description, accompanied by a Drawing, of the *Triplaris Americana*, or the Ant-tree of Guiana,' by R. H. Schomburgk. The accounts of the *Triplaris* hitherto, have been very meagre: the subject of the present notice was elaborate and technical, of which qualities we will endeavour to divest it, and preserve the interest of the description. The Ant-tree, abounding in the sandy banks of the inland rivers of Guiana, where shrubs, stunted

in growth by the poverty of the soil, reach scarcely a height of five or six feet, attains a height of fifty or sixty feet; its trunk smooth, of a grayish white colour; the branches erect, frequently in the form of a pyramid; leaves entire, oblong, and nervose, from nine to twelve inches in length, of a dark green colour, petiole dilated at the base, with ochreate stipules, and at the opposite direction, as of fallen-off petioles. The flowers, unisexual, are insignificant; those of the male last only for a few days, when they dry up; this is likewise the case with the petals of the females. The segments, however, of the calix, continue to grow, changing in their growth from green to white and vermillion, and become so attenuated that the branched nerves are easily perceptible. In this state they are three times as large as the fruit, which is still protected by the calix, and the whole in appearance may be likened to a shuttlecock. One unacquainted with the country, would consider the tree covered with white blossoms, tinged with red, among which the dark green leaves have only occasionally room to make themselves visible. The incautious botanist who, allured by the deceptive appearance, should approach the tree to pluck the blossoms, would bitterly rue his attempt. The trunk and branches of the tree are hollow, and provided between space and space with partitions, which answer to the position of the leaves on the outside. The hollows are inhabited by a light brownish ant, about two to three tenths of an inch long, which inflicts the most painful bites. Its antennae are placed near the middle of the anterior portion of the head; the mandible triangular, &c. They fall upon their prey with the greatest virulence, and insert their mandibles as soon as they come in contact with any soft substance, emitting a whitish fluid—their bite causing swelling and itching for several days. The Arawak Indians call the tree *Jacuna*, and the ant *Jacuna sœ*; the Warrows, *Eponhari*, the literal translation being ant-tree; the Carabis, *Iassi*; and the Colonists, from its growth, "Long John." The presence of the scarios stipule, in the form of an ochrea, is sufficient to determine the natural order to which *Triplaris* belongs; other evidences—namely, the formation of its leaves, its organs of fructification, and particularly the erect ovulum and the superior radicle, put its relationship to *Polygonia* beyond doubt.—A leaf of *Victoria Regina*, sent to the Society by Mr. Schomburgk, was exhibited.

## ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

SATURDAY, 7th. Mr. Sturgeon read and illustrated by diagrams and experiments, a paper 'On Lightning Conductors.'—However perfectly lightning conductors are constructed, they will not prevent, but, on the contrary, will ever be the principal means of producing, destructive lateral discharges. If, however, a circle were the channel of an electric discharge, the disturbing tendency would be manifested to the greatest extent outwards; because the repulsions inwards would counterbalance each other, and, as the lateral discharge is a mere consequence of unrestrained repulsion, no latter discharge could possibly take place in the interior of the hollow cylinder. The effects due to a cylindric conductor are not limited to that figure, but are also demonstrable in rectangular ones, or in any arrangement of that form. Mr. Sturgeon, therefore, proposes that a room should be completely lined with sheet-copper, and that copper in good metallic connexion with the ground. No person or article within could possibly suffer from a lateral dis-

charge, although the surrounding metal became the channel for a flash of lightning. The copper lining, moreover, would be a perfect safeguard from the primitive, or original, flash or discharge from the cloud. The importance of the application of this plan of security from lateral discharges to powder magazines on board ship and on shore, was pointed out.

## ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

APRIL 2. J. F. Stephens, Esq. President, in the chair.—Various donations of entomological works, by English and foreign authors, were announced, and thanks ordered to be returned for the same. A remarkable monstrosity occurring in *Clivina fossor*, having one of the antennae bifurcate, was exhibited by Mr. Bainbridge. Various observations upon insects, and fungi parasitic upon insects, were made by the secretary, including a notice of the occurrence of one of the *Strepsiptera* in *Ammophila sabulosa*. A large larva of one of the lamellicorn beetles, from which a fungus, two inches long, had been produced, was also exhibited from the collection of the Rev. F. W. Hope. Notes were also read from Dr. Buckland and the Rev. E. M. Berkeley upon fungi parasitic upon insects: the disease to which the house-flies are subject in the autumn, being produced, according to the latter, by the presence of a fungus, and not a plethoric kind of disease, as had been supposed by some writers. The following memoirs were read:—1. 'Observations on the Destruction of the Black Caterpillar of the Turnip by Poultry,' by W. Sells; 2. 'Monograph on the Exotic Hemipterous Genus *Holoptilus*,' by J. O. Westwood, F.L.S.; 3. Conclusion of a 'Memoir on the Insects employed in various Parts of the World as Food,' by the Rev. F. W. Hope. Certificates in favour of eight candidates for admission were read.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

APRIL 7. The Right Hon. C. W. W. Williams Wynn, President, in the chair.—Colonel Briggs, the secretary, read to the meeting a letter from Major Rawlinson, dated at Teheran in January last, in which that gentleman stated that he was engaged in researches upon the arrowheaded inscriptions, so numerous in various parts of Persia; and that he had succeeded, to some extent, in deciphering them; that one at Bisitoun contained a thousand lines, recording, in detail, the eastern conquests of Darius Hystaspes; that Persepolis presents a similar one, of the triumphs of Xerxes, besides many others illustrative of the state of Persia previous to the Macedonian conquest. Major Rawlinson enclosed a transcript of the beginning of the Bisitoun inscription, containing the genealogy of Darius Hystaspes, which corroborates the testimony of Herodotus, as recorded in book vii. c. 11. He sent these as a specimen, and if the subject was one of interest to the Society, he would continue to send the results of his further endeavours. The secretary stated, that measures had been taken to convey to Major Rawlinson the high sense of the value attached by the Society to such researches; and to forward to him such works on the subject, published in Europe, as might assist him in his labours.—Professor Royle read to the meeting extracts from a communication he had recently received from Dr. Spry, a member of the Society, now in India, and who on going out had promised to exert himself in procuring information for, and promoting the

objects of, the Agricultural and Commercial Committee of the Society. Dr. Spry stated, that the article caoutchouc, although called Indian rubber, had hitherto been procured from South America only, and was totally unknown, as an Indian product, in the Indian markets in 1828. Its cultivation, however, was now being attended to; and a caoutchouc company had been established in Calcutta. Dr. Wallich, of that city, had already sent home one cwt., and enough would, doubtless, be procured from India to supply all the demands of this country. Dr. Spry also stated, that a consignment of Assam tea had been despatched to England; the price was two annas, or four pence the pound. The only kind yet produced, was black; but some green tea cultivators, from China, were expected in Assam.—Professor Wilson continued the reading of his paper on the journey to, and residence in, India, of a Chinese Buddhist. The former reading brought Shi-fa-hian to the Tarai, below the Himalaya mountains; and in the present, the professor detailed the journey from thence down the Ganges to the sea, and subsequently to Ceylon and Java, from which last-mentioned island he embarked for his own country. In the first portion of his journey from the neighbourhood of the Himalaya mountains, Shi-fa-hian saw several columns, with inscriptions on them, commemorating the actions of Buddha; and there appears to be little doubt that many of the monuments seen by him, are now standing; drawings of some now existing in the route passed by Shi-fa-hian were exhibited to the Society, and alluded to by the professor in the course of his reading. This part, and all the rest of the tour, is pretty nearly identified, although there may not be positive certainty of every position. He notices a kingdom to the south, which he calls Ta-shen, probably Dakshina, or the Dekkan; and mentions a cavern temple there, which he describes as consisting of five stories, each containing numerous chambers or cells. The description is too vague to be identified, but may be Ellora, Keneri, or Arjanti; and it proves the important fact of the existence of Buddha temples in the Dekkan at the end of the fourth century. In Magadha the Chinese traveller remained three years, studying the languages, and copying the sacred books. He obtained a great number of works on the doctrines and practices of Buddhism, and clearly shews that the great body of the Buddhist literature was then in existence. From this place he came down the Ganges; passed Champoh, which is Champa, near Bhagulpur, and came to To-mo-li-ti, called, in subsequent Chinese works, Tan-mo-li-ti, on the sea, where he staid two years, transcribing manuscripts and copying images. This place is the modern town of Zamlook. Here our traveller embarked; and, in fourteen days, arrived at Ceylon, where he staid two years; and then embarked again for Java, which he reached in ninety days; and thence proceeded to his own country. He records but few particulars of his voyage; but it is remarkable, as shewing the great extent of the navigation of the Hindus at that time. The vessel in which he sailed from Ceylon was capable of carrying above two hundred persons, and was victualled for a long voyage; as was that in which he sailed from Java to China; and both were manned by Hindus at least, if not by Brahmans. The professor concluded with an abstract of the information given by Shi-fa-hian. He had shewn that the names of places throughout India were Sanskrit; that the Pali language, its immediate derivative, was studied from Ceylon to Khosen;

and that the Buddhist religion was then flourishing in the Great Desert and upper course of the Indus, but declining in the Punjab and on the Jumna and Ganges, until we come to the mouth of the latter river, where it flourished, together with commerce, in a remarkable degree.—After the conclusion of this interesting paper, Colonel Briggs addressed the meeting by calling its special attention to the fact which now appeared evident, of the Hindus having been at that early period a people skilled in the art of navigation, as is shown by the extensive maritime communication they maintained with the islands of the Indian Archipelago and China. A remarkable coincidence of this proof, he observed, was to be found in the circumstance of the Hindus now navigating the eastern coast of India, making use of a simple gnomon and a knotted string as an instrument for taking the sun's altitude—an instrument, he believed, almost unknown to Europeans in general, and certainly not used by any other people in the world. The colonel, also, reminded the Society of the abundant evidence of the naval character of the Hindus, which is to be found in the history of the early conquests of the Portuguese in India, in the latter end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century. The History he alluded to, was that of Fariae-souza, who arrived in India in 1529. He states that Vasco de Gama, in 1498, after having passed the Cape of Good Hope, put into Melinda, on the south-east coast of Africa, where he found several Guzerat merchant vessels, from one of which he obtained a pilot for the Malabar Coast; and that these navigators considered the astrolabe of the Portuguese inferior to their own instrument; that, on his second voyage, Vasco de Gama's fleet of ten sail engaged twenty-nine sail of vessels belonging to Zamori, the Hindu king of the country denominated by us Malabar, some of which vessels were fire-ships: that in 1593, only five years after the arrival of the Portuguese, a war broke out on their account between Zamori and the king of Cochlin, on which occasion Zamori attacked the enemy with 50,000 men by land, and a fleet by sea consisting of eighty vessels, carrying in all three hundred and eighty guns, and 4000 fighting men: that, on the same occasion, the Hindus used a sort of floating castles, or platforms, constructed on two vessels; that from these the Hindus were in the habit of boarding the enemy; and when beaten off, the castles were set fire to, and left to entangle themselves with the enemy's fleet. These facts can hardly be doubted, coming as they do from an eyewitness, who could have no object in mistating them; and they are valuable, as affording corroboration of the statement of the Chinese traveller of the fourth century, who found the Hindus at that period essentially a maritime people.—Before the meeting broke up, the president addressed the Turkish ambassador, who, in company with his secretary, had honoured the meeting with his presence. The president stated, that he felt gratified at seeing at the meeting the representative of the Sultan, whose efforts for the advancement of his countrymen had been crowned with such success; and suggested, that the Sultan should be proposed to the Society as a member, observing that several distinguished sovereigns had already honoured the Society by consenting to have their names enrolled on the list of honorary members. The ambassador replied, that he would be proud to convey to his master, the Sultan, an intimation of the intention of the Society; and that he expected that before an

answer could reach England the Sultan would prove himself deserving the honour the Society proffered, by a valuable contribution to its library. Sir Alexander Johnston observed, that, by the enlightenment conferred upon his subjects, the Sultan had already contributed to the objects the Society had at heart. The ambassador requested that the proposition of the president should be deferred until an answer should be received from the Sultan.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; Phrenological, 8 P.M.; United Service Museum, 9 P.M.  
Tuesday.—Linnean, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.  
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Annual election of officers, &c. 11 to 2.  
Friday.—Good Friday. The Botanical Society meeting is on the card; but, we presume, a mistake.  
Saturday.—Royal Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Harveian, 8 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.; London Electrical, 7.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

An event which the public have for some time been eagerly expecting, has, at length, taken place. The National Gallery was opened on Monday last. We are bound to say that, upon the whole, we were much gratified by the appearance of the collection; for, although the application of the term "National" to it is at present absurd, yet it consists of a sufficient number of pictures, and, in that number, there is a sufficient proportion of works of the highest quality, to afford a just ground of expectation that the proprietors of fine productions of art, seeing so respectable a nucleus formed, will either present or bequeath valuable additions to it, until it shall eventually become worthy of its title. There is one point, nevertheless, to which we beg to call the attention of the directors; and that is, the expediency of exercising a sound, and, indeed, a severe judgment, with respect to proffered contributions. No considerations of delicacy ought to induce them to accept works of inferior rank or merit. Of the hundred and forty-eight subjects of which the collection at present consists, at least between thirty and forty might be most beneficially withdrawn. The great majority of the assemblage, however, are admirable productions. Our old favourites having been judiciously cleaned and varnished, and surrounded with new frames, are seen to increased advantage in their new positions; and some of the recent accessions add much to the variety and value of the Gallery.

#### SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

[Third notice.]

No. 201. *Portraits of W. Vizard, the Hunting Sweep of Chipping Lodbury, and his Horse. This is the Sweep "what hunts with the Duke."* R. B. Davis.—A most whimsical and eccentric character for portraiture, but given by the hand of an artist of whose well-known truth and fidelity in representing whatever came under his pencil we are assured. We should not be surprised to find, on some racing occasion, Mr. W. Vizard among the contenders for a sweepstakes.

No. 198. *One who loves Wandering better than Work.* W. Poole.—To what an extensive class of human beings does this title apply! We fear we are ourselves comprehended in it! We see, from the catalogue, the artist is an inhabitant of Sheffield, which, like other manufacturing towns, abounds in vagabonds of the sort he has depicted. It would be well for the country if there were fewer of them. We

do not mean, however, to apply this observation to ourselves.

No. 138. *River Scene: Moonlight: Autumn.* E. Childs.—We have seen many examples from the pencil of this artist of mellow moonlights, but never one more complete in the best qualities of art; competing, as it may, with the best specimens of the Flemish school.

No. 64. *Zakengen, on the Rhine; from a Sketch by Miss J. Herries.* W. Allen.—Whatever the fair artist may be indebted for to the fluent pencil of Mr. Allen, her subject has been most tasteful and judicious.

No. 189. *The Miser Alarmed.* H. E. Daws.—The artist has well depicted the fears and cares which attend this species of incurables; for satire cannot wound them, nor ridicule touch them. The work may serve to exhibit the painter's powers in expression, or his skill in representing the golden idols of the miser's worship; but that is all.

No. 477. *Highland Gillie restraining two Deer Hounds until the Wounded Hart breaks from the Herd.* C. Hancock.—The painting is of a size fully sufficient to shew how far the powers of the artist are competent to the task of representing the character as well as the individuality of his subject. The life, spirit, and action he has put into the principal bound makes the spectator almost a partaker in the sport.

No. 481. *Scarborough Castle, from the Harkness Road.* J. Tennant.—Often has our admiration been expressed at the panoramic effect given to some of this artist's views; but we were not before aware of the power of his pencil in the more finished detail of their several parts. The present sample of his skill places his talents on the highest ground; for this quality of finishing does not in the least detract from the general character or effect.

No. 348. *Shipping in the Bay of Naples.* J. W. Carmichael.—From what we understand of this artist, his works are the efforts of true genius. Difficulties of no ordinary kind have been surmounted by him; and the results before us, in whole and in part, presents qualities of the highest order in the department of art to which Mr. Carmichael's bias has led him. The grouping of the vessels, the translucent character of the waves, the careful execution of the figures in the foreground, together with the aerial perspective of the distance, place him in the first rank of our marine painters.

No. 279. *Christmas in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.* R. W. Buss.—Mr. Buss has spread his canvass upon a large scale, and has filled it with the varied and the picturesque both in costume and in character. The revels of the olden time are described at some length in a paragraph in the catalogue, and the spectator has only to look for the fun and frolic that is going on in the scene. The artist's talent for the comic of art is well known; and the present performance loses nothing in its effect by the rich and harmonious glow of colouring with which the whole is invested.

No. 351. *The Captive.* Fanny Corboux.—The subject of Miss Corboux's pencil is in happy accordance with the beautiful annexed lines of L. E. L. The sentiments conveyed by both pen and pencil is truly touching, and shews how the memory of home, "sweet home," however humble, clings to the heart, amid the trappings and gauds of eastern magnificence.

[To be continued.]



## GRAPHIC SOCIETY.

THE fourth, for the season, of these most agreeable *réunions* took place on Wednesday evening last. It was fully attended by artists and their friends. Many beautiful works of art were placed on the tables, and around the great room at the Thatched House, where the meetings of the Society are held. Some interesting casts, from painted carvings in wood, from the high altar of the royal chapel in the cathedral of Grenada, were sent by Mr. Owen Jones, to whom the public is already so much indebted for the publication of his beautiful drawings of the Alhambra. The subjects of these reliefs are Ferdinand and Isabella entering the fortress of the Alhambra, to whom Boabdil is delivering the keys, and the Baptism of the converted Moors. These, as records of costume, are valuable accessions to artists. Many folios of beautiful drawings were exhibited. Among the most interesting were those by Mr. J. Nash. One of the principal attractions was Mr. Doo's magnificent engraving after Wilkie's "John Knox Preaching:"—thanks to the spirit of its publisher, Mr. Moon, the days, we hope, are returning to us when Strange, and Woollet, and Sharp, gave a character to English engraving, and left it without a rival. We recollect no modern work that possesses, in our estimation, so much excellence in the engraver's art as this. Works more mannered—more methodical—in execution will be remembered; but, for the employment of the burin to carry out, in a translation, the painter's feeling, this must be quoted as the finest work of our age.

## DINNER TO MR. DOO.

MR. DOO, the historical engraver, having completed his splendid print of "John Knox preaching before the Lords of the Congregation," after Sir David Wilkie, his professional contemporaries invited him to a dinner, on the 5th instant, at the Freemasons' Tavern, for the purpose of congratulating him upon the successful termination of his labours. After the usual toasts, Mr. Burnet, the chairman, in giving the health of Mr. Doo, and success to historical engraving, took occasion to remark on the opinions and conduct of Rubens, Rembrandt, and Reynolds, respecting the translation of a coloured picture into a copy, confined to mere black and white: and observed that, though they had all advocated the departure from the original, in a great degree, as the only means of preventing an engraving from becoming heavy, yet that Mr. Doo had grappled with the subject differently; and, by the variety and texture which line-engraving was capable of giving, had produced a work, containing many qualities which amply compensated for the absence of colour. Mr. Doo, in returning thanks, said, he could not view the proud situation in which he was placed, without noticing the great obligations the art of engraving owed to the founders of the English school of that art. Strange, Woollet, and Sharp—men who, though unhonoured by the Royal Academy, or any other Society in this country, had, nevertheless, laid the groundwork of all that was good or valuable in the art of line-engraving. Mr. Pye, the deputy chairman, in returning thanks for his name being coupled with the landscape engravers, adverted to the great revolution which had been produced in landscape engraving in this country, by the genius of Turner, who, like the great luminary of the heavens, had shed his influence on every work which had emanated from his master mind. However high the landscape engravers of the present day, in Eng-

land, stood in the estimation of other countries, it was to Mr. Turner alone they were indebted for that station; for he had infused into the engravings, copied from his works, qualities which might be looked for in vain in all previous productions of a similar kind. On the health of Sir David Wilkie, and historical painting in England, being given, the chairman said, that to that great artist's works historical engraving owed more than to those of any painter of the present day. More large prints in the line manner had been engraved from them than from any others; their excellence warranting their being undertaken in the most expensive style of the art: and Sir David's great knowledge of light and shade enabling the engraver to translate them into black and white with the utmost success.

## MESSRS. WOODBURNES' GALLERY.

THIS gallery is at present open with a collection of drawings (a part of the collection formed by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence) by Vandyke and Rubens. Many of these fine productions have been already exhibited in the same gallery; but others, for which there was formerly no room, have been introduced to supply the places of those which have been disposed of. They all richly deserve the attention of the artist and the amateur.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Ryall's Portraits of Eminent Conservative Statesmen. No. VII.*

THE portraits which illustrate the present Number, are those of "The Right Hon. the Earl of Lonsdale," painted by Sir T. Lawrence, engraved by T. A. Dean; "The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Exeter," painted by F. Cruikshank, engraved by J. Brown; and "The Right Hon. Sir Edward B. Sugden, Knt. M.P.," painted by J. Moore, engraved by E. Scriven. They are all highly characteristic, and well executed; but the first is our favourite. Lawrence was eminently a conservative painter; dignifying and refining, instead of vulgarising and degrading, every feature of his subjects. Lord Lonsdale's head exhibits all the late president's excellences of drawing, expression, and effect; and, as far as it goes, may serve to counteract the gross injustice done to his memory by the admission into the National Gallery, of a female whole-length, painted at an early period of his practice, and quite unworthy of him.

*Scenery of Edinburgh and Mid-Lothian. Edinburgh, Watson.*

To every lover of the picturesque and beautiful, and more especially to every "true Scot," these views of what Sir Walter so happily terms "mine own romantic town," and its equally romantic neighbourhood, will be highly acceptable. They consist of ten plates, of a moderate size, engraved by R. Scott, from drawings by W. B. Scott; and shew much taste in the selection of the subjects, and much talent in their execution. Our favourites are—"Edinburgh from the Cat Nick, Salisbury Crags" (the only one, by the by, of the series which is engraved, as well as drawn, by Mr. W. B. Scott); "North Bridge, and Calton Hill;" "Hunter's Bog, or Valley of Arthur's Seat;" "Hawthornden;" and "Roslin." The annexed typographical descriptions are very racy and amusing.

Mr. Charles Kean, as *Hamlet*. Drawn by A. E. Chalon, R.A.; lithographed by E. Morton.—*Mademoiselle Schiaroni*, in the character

of *Susannah*, in *Mozart's Opera*, "*Le Nozze di Figaro*."—Miss Fanny Wyndham, in the character of Count Pontigny, in *Ricci's Opera*, "*Un Aventuro di Scaramuccia*."—Signor Lenari Bellini, in the character of *Figaro*, in *Mozart's Opera*, "*Le Nozze di Figaro*."—Drawn by A. E. Chalon, R.A.; lithographed by Weld Taylor.—Mitchell.

Four very characteristic, whole-length, theatrical portraits.

*Ellenore*. Painted by C. F. Lessing; drawn on stone by C. F. Reichart. Ackermann and Co.

PARTS of this composition are very picturesque: the equestrian figure on the left is peculiarly so. But where are the

"Helms bedeckt with oaken boughs!"

*Emma Romer*. Drawn and lithographed by J. D. Francis, Welch and Gwynne.

IN the character of *Amina*. Pretty and impassioned.

*Does your Mother know you are out?* W. Lee. S. Knights.

IN spite of the frightfulness of the event, it is impossible not to laugh at the joke.

*Puppies*. W. Lee. S. Knights.  
Bow! wow! wow!

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## SONNET UPON THE SONNET.

To write a Sonnet, lo! the bard inclines;  
And thus begins. He chooses from the throng  
Of shining visions, one may fit the song  
Of poet limited to fourteen lines.  
Ten syllables he to the verse assigns  
In chaste iambic; musical, yet strong:  
And now he bids two quatrains march along;  
Two triplets now, of varied force, combines;  
Here, soaring higher, solemn thought bestows  
To swell the climax; till his labour'd theme,  
Replete with more than mortal beauty, glows,  
And burns, and lives. So, for the diadem  
Ordain'd to grace some haughty monarch's  
brow,  
Cellini toil'd to animate a gem.

T. D. E.

## THOUGHTS ON SUNSET.

Oh! glorious orb, and ever radiant type  
Of Him who sits in yonder clouds, farewell!  
Thou'rt gone, with thy effulgent blaze, t'illumine  
The dark expanse of some far distant clime;  
And shed thy dazzling beams o'er Nature's works  
In other worlds. What rapture filled my soul  
While gazing on that soft delicious light,  
Pour'd by thy parting rays! When thou didst  
seem,  
With fond embrace to kiss yon gentle hills,  
Ere thou couldst take thy leave, how sweetly  
beam'd  
Thy cheering aspect o'er the gilded sphere,  
Whose western verge thy chariot course doth  
span!  
Serene resemblance of Jehovah's face,  
Lit with the glow of vast unbounded love;  
And spreading radiance mild throughout the  
realm,  
That richly girds th' imperial throne divine.  
Oh! wretched Unbelief! How canst thou view  
The lustrous pomp which decks the setting sun,  
And still perplex thy darkened soul with doubts  
Of the Supreme, the great, eternal God,  
Whose mighty hand the gorgeous pledge  
declares?  
'Tis foul rebellion 'gainst the parent flame,  
When thus the vital spark denies the source

From which this lamp of bounteous nature sprung.

Then off survey the great and gorgeous scene,  
Till kind Conviction plants a friendly check  
Athwart the path thy reckless will pursues:  
And when its range of fatal doubt is stay'd,  
Oh! Polar-star of life, immortal Truth!  
Pour down thy silvery rays of hallow'd light,  
And steer the convert step, which straight essays  
To climb the lofty steep of firm belief.

G. J. K—Y.

#### DRAMA.

**Covent Garden.**—On Saturday, the *Two Foscari* was performed here for the benefit of Mr. Macready, and to a crowded house. Mr. Macready sustained the character of the old Doge of Venice; and, high as he stands in the estimation of the public, and of the best judges of dramatic excellence in other parts (in many of them unequalled, and in none of the whole wide range more than the slightest degree inferior to the greatest artists ever seen), his personation of this evening may be pronounced one of his most perfect efforts. It has extorted praise even from those who have shewn such reluctance to encourage, such readiness to repress, his manly and generous attempt to redeem the stage. It was impossible, indeed, to witness his exquisite performance without feeling that he had fathomed the depths of human passions, and was gifted to embody their conflicts with irresistible truth and pathos. The play was loudly applauded, and announced for weekly repetition. Stanfield's glorious diorama was resuscitated for this occasion; and a new Opera, by Mr. Griesbach, offered, to close the entertainments: but, at its opening, some fastidious auditors took objection to it, and it never after could obtain a hearing. Whether it was good or bad, we cannot tell; but, in the most critical times, we do not remember any piece rejected with so small a trial.

#### VARIETIES.

**Panorama of Canton.**—Mr. Burford, whose graphic pencil has made thousands of untravelled visitors intimately acquainted with numerous distant and highly interesting parts of the world, gave, on Thursday, a private view of a new panorama of the City of Canton, at his establishment in Leicester Square. This picture is as beautiful an effort of genius as it is peculiar: the view was taken from a terrace on the summit of the British Factory, and is crowded with the most interesting details. We can hardly do better than give part of the artist's own account of the production:—"At the distance of ten or twelve miles the scene is closed by mountains of considerable elevation, of peculiar character, and the most varied and delicate tints, forming altogether a novel, interesting, and unparalleled scene. In the immediate foreground, and on the extensive platform which the spectators are supposed to occupy, an artist's license has been taken, to introduce various groups of Chinese; illustrating, in a striking manner, the singular costume, and some of the ordinary pursuits, of this peculiar people, which, from the narrowness of the streets and the style of the buildings, could not have been introduced in any other part of the painting. A mandarin of rank is received with due honour and etiquette, a table is spread for his refreshment, and a play is performed for his amusement: other great men are playing at various games, smoking, or drinking tea and wine; whilst attendants are placing beautiful flowers in vases, and arranging lanterns for an

illumination at dusk. The whole offering a multitude of varied and uncommon objects to interest the curious observer, and more than one subject for reflection to the philosopher and moralist." The picture has been painted with Mr. Burford's usual skill and judgment: his perspective is finely managed; the verdant hills in the distance,

"Small by degrees, and beautifully less,"

throw a charm the most romantic over the whole; while the noble river, spreading far to the east and west, with its myriads of boats and their curious inhabitants, present a *coup d'œil* which must be seen to be appreciated.

**Sir Walter Scott.**—The monument to Sir Walter Scott, in Edinburgh, has been decided to be the Architectural Temple designed by Mr. Kemp, with the statue of Sir Walter by Mr. Steel. It will thus, in spirit and combination, resemble the monument of Burns, at Dumfries, with the architecture by the late Mr. T. F. Hunt, and the figure of the poet by Turnerelli.

**Extract.**—From among the myriads of tracts and pamphlets under which our tables daily groan, we select the following *morceau*. "To bring ocular demonstration for the gaseous evolutions of terraqueous matter and those conglomerated particles that irradiate the ethereal atmosphere is impossible."

**M. Alexandre** (to which is now added *Vattemare*), whom many of our readers must remember as one of the most extraordinary ventriloquists of the age, has, we observe from a *prospectus*, returned to this country, and announced a work of great variety, under the title of *Album Cosmopolite*. The designs are by distinguished artists throughout Europe; and the autographs of kings, poets, ministers, savans, &c. &c., are appended to the text. The highest patronage seems to be accorded to this publication; and when we consider the extent of M. Alexandre's travels, and the society to which his wonderful talent gave him access, we are not surprised that such a production from his portfolio should excite very considerable expectations.

**A delightful Horse.**—An advertiser in the papers last week, expresses his desire to have "a stout bug-gy horse," and the colour "a fleabitten." Why not add, "a rat tail?"

**H. B.'s caricatures** are again on the *tapis*. One of two this week is a good single figure, "a good subject," and well executed; but the other, No. 533, "Too late for the Coach," is another of the artist's capital groups. The Speaker in the booking-office, as book-keeper, declares that he "could not detain the coach;" and C. Buller, as cad, with huge baggage, marked "His Excellency Earl Durham, &c. &c. Canada," is standing behind him; Sir R. Peel is remonstrating that he came at half-past five precisely, being told it would start at five; and Lord Stanley more energetically urges, "but our places were booked, old gentleman." Sir J. Graham, Lord F. Egerton, and other disappointed passengers, fill up the canvass in a very amusing manner. The Speaker and Mr. Buller are most laughable.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

Junonesia; or, Woman Rescued.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. E. J. wants rhythm and polish in parts.

Mountain Memoirs too long for us, especially at this season.

Our weekly list of New Publications has accidentally been omitted till too late on Good Friday. It shall appear with our next.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

#### BRITISH INSTITUTION,

FALL MALL.  
The Gallery, for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.  
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

#### THE THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, at their Gallery, Fall Mall East, will open on Monday, the 30th instant.

Open each day, from Nine till Dark.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.  
R. HILLS, Secretary.

#### A PANORAMA OF SAN SEBASTIAN,

and the Neighbouring Country, including the Action between the British Legion and the Troops of Don Carlos, on the 24th May, 1836, from a View taken on the Spot by Colonel Shaw, of the Artillery Barracks.

Maddox Street, Hanover Square.

Admittance, One Shilling.



HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE, HAYMARKET.

THE LAST NIGHT.

**M. R. C. H. A. D. A. M. S.'S**  
LAST LECTURE ON ASTRONOMY will be delivered to-night, April 14th.

The Lecture will be illustrated by an entirely New Series of Transparent Apparatus, which has been constructed upon a Scale commensurate with that immense Stage on which he will have the honour to present it. Arrangements have been made to shew the admired Scene in Illustration of the Tides, and the Magnificent Zodiac, filling the entire Area of this, the largest Theatre in the Kingdom.

Doors open at half-past Seven. Begin at Eight o'clock precisely. End about Ten.  
Stalls, 5s. Boxes on the Grand Tier, 4s. Upper Tiers, 2s. Pit, 1s.  
Applications for Tickets, Private and Family Boxes, at the Box-Office of the Theatre, daily; or at Mr. Seguin's Library, 19 Regent Street.

#### NELSON MONUMENT.—The

Committee for erecting a Monument to the Memory of Lord Nelson hereby give Notice, that they are desirous of receiving from Architects, Artists, or other persons, Designs for such a Monument, to be erected in Regent Square.

The Committee cannot, in the present state of the Subscription, fix definitely the sum to be expended; but they recommend that the estimated cost of the several Designs should be confined within the sums of 20,000*l.* and 30,000*l.*

This Condition, and that of the intended Site, are the only restrictions to which the Artists are limited.

The Designs, sealed and marked within and without, with the Designer's name, or any mark he may choose to adopt, and a note of his estimate of the cost, are to be delivered, on or before the 20th of June next, addressed to Charles D. Scott, Esq., at No. 22, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars.

By direction of the Committee.

CHARLES D. SCOTT, Hon. Sec.

April 11, 1833.

#### TO ARTISTS, TOURISTS, and ADMIR-

ERS OF THE FINE ARTS.—Faiour's Portable Sketching Case, or Delineator, is confidently recommended to the Notice of all Persons attached to the Science of Drawing, as being infinitely superior to the Camera Lucida, and all other Instruments, hitherto invented for the purpose of Sketching. The Sketching Case may be held in the Hand, and a correct Drawing made of any Object or Landscape, or it may be attached to a Table in the same manner as the Camera Lucida. It is simple in its Management, and does not exceed in size the common Sketching Book.

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# MR. CARLYLE'S LECTURES.

Mr. Carlyle will deliver a Course of Twelve Lectures on the History of Literature, or the Successive Periods of European Culture, to commence on Monday, 28th April, at Three o'clock precisely, at the Lecture Room, 17 Edward Street, Portman Square, to be continued every Monday and Friday. Subscription to the Course, Two Guineas. Syllabus and Tickets to be obtained at Messrs. Saunders and O'Leary's, Conduit Street, Hanover Square; and at the Lecture Room.

## SALES BY AUCTION.

**MESSRS. CHRISTIE AND MANSON**

Have the honour very respectfully to Announce that they have received Instructions to

**SELL BY AUCTION,**

**AT THEIR GREAT ROOM, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE,**

**ON SATURDAY, JUNE 9TH,**

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**OF RALPH FLETCHER, Esq.**

It is well known that these pictures have been collected slowly and with great care, under the superintendence of the soundest judgment.

Among them sparkle the Hobbins, engraved under the title of "The Cottage," another of the same matter, with a beautiful Group of Figures, by A. V. de Velde; the small Italian Morning View from the Le Brun Collection, by Karl de Jardin, admired by all connoisseurs, and designated from its superlative excellence, the "Diamond;" the Storm and Shipwreck of Vernet, celebrated for its being an unrivalled work of the master, and from its having been the property of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette; a small and most brilliant Berghem, of the highest quality; a pair of Cabinet Pictures, the Fall of Tirol, and a View of Rome; a capital cabinet picture, by V. Dyck; the Toilet of Venus; three Bayadères, one of which is the Bridge from the Calonne Gallery; four Cupids, one of the choicest quality—the famous "Farwell," both Tom Wilsons; two beautiful Wynants, engraved, Sir Joshua Reynolds, engraver, &c. &c. Besides the above, of astonishing power and excellence; a noble and pure specimen of Claude, of the very highest consequence, glowing with warmth and colour, and painted with the most perfect finish; the foregoing, there are capital cabinet specimens of V. de Capella, Rembrandt, Francis Meier, Dübelle, and some modern masters, particularly Nasmyth, Eytz, Morland, and T. Wilson.

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Respectfully inform the Nobility, Connoisseurs, and Public, that

**ON SATURDAY, MAY 12TH,**

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**Of chiefly English Modern Artists,**

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Which his Lordship has collected and ordered from many of the most celebrated Painters of the present day, with the laudable view of patronising British Art in the most extended and liberal manner, with the refined taste and discrimination which has been so universally acknowledged.

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V. Brunel	Wilson	Richter
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Vanderbank	Nasmyth	Nasmyth
Valet	Bonington	Starke
Denis	Ward, R.A.	J. Wilson
Nollekens	Howard, R.A.	Arnold
Waring	Collins, R.A.	Glover
Hogarth	Leslie, R.A.	Ward
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Also a few interesting Historical Portraits.

The Noble Gallery of Pictures by Old Masters, will be sold on the 28th May and following days, of which due notice will be given.

Catalogues may be shortly had.

## Pictures, Drawings, Modern Engravings, &c., Books of Prints, of the late James Vine, Esq.

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Respectfully inform the Connoisseurs and Public, that

**ON MONDAY, APRIL 23RD, AND**

**FOLLOWING DAYS,**

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**MESSRS. CHRISTIE AND MANSON**

Respectfully inform the Nobility and Public, that

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Gentlemen residing in the Counties, or who cannot attend the Sale, may have their Commissions faithfully executed by Messrs. Christie and Manson, who will forward Catalogues and Cards to view, upon application.

Catalogues will be ready One Month prior to the Sale, and may be viewed the 1st and 3d of May.

\* \* To avoid mistakes, it is requested that commissions may refer both to number and name in the catalogue, when particular portraits are desired; but when the object is to secure one or more specimens out of the collection generally, gentlemen by so stating their instructions, will enable Messrs. Christie and Manson to execute them with greater certainty.

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